

THE PILLAR OF FIRE.
A PROFANE BACCALAUREATE.
SEYMOUR DEMING

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THE PILLAR OF FIRE

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A PROFANE BACCALAUREATE

BY
SEYMOUR DEMING
Author of "A Message to the Middle Class"

Long enough have yon timidly waded holding
a plank by the shore,
Now I will you to be a bold swimmer,
To jump off in the midst of the sea, rise
again, nod to me, shout, and
laughingly dash with your hair. . . .

—*Walt Whitman.*



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. . . to F. H. M.

True and my friend, and shelterer of my need

—*Euripides.*



Exodus

Long had we walked in the light, as we thought, of broad day. And never until a fiery portent flamed over our path did we behold the night that covers the world.

You, for whom also that fiery Pillar illumined the dark and lighted a way through the wilderness: you, who have followed steadfastly when the hard glare of common day has faded its glory of fire to an ashen pillar of cloud, whereat men mocked; you, fellow-pilgrims of that high and solemn errand on which we fare—let me name you by your homely, friendly names—Fred, Bill, Ernest, Ted, Lee, Steve, Fritz, Sam, Mac: for it is through you that I speak and not of myself. Not my hand has traced these pages, but your lives.

Divers are the places which the fire-light of that Pillar has reddened: lonely sea beaches under the calm stars; city streets at mid-day; the crowded café; the garret at dead of night; the studio; the laboratory; the bustling office; the study hearth; the deck glassed-over with salt water ice; the woods road; the mountain slope; the street of tenement houses—wherever we have held speech of great matters, and ye wist not that your faces shone.

Ye wist not; but I beheld and knew that, childless, ye were yet fathers, and that a new age of your begetting already quickened in the deep and secret Womb of Things. For I knew that ye were but fore-runners of that host which shall come, strong to deliver, and, even as in the past, set a people free. . . . I looked, and lo! the mountain was full of chariots and horsemen. . . .

The day clamors. Its voices grow confused and loud. You are seen amid its dust and tumult—dimly, remote. Yet never quite fades that gleam; never is quite hushed that whisper of unseen wings as of the Great Sight which has been, and again shall be: of that Great Sight which we have beheld together—the Pillar of Fire.

For unto us, too, appeared the Burning Bush, and we put off our sandals, for the ground whereon we stood was holy ground; and unto us was uttered the promise to be with our

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mouths and to teach us what we should do. For unto us, too, spake a God thundering out of Sinai.

So we have come up out of the land of Pharaoh where, if slaves, we had, at least, enough to eat and wear: and we toil onward through a wilderness until a new generation shall be begotten and bred to a new strength and a new faith: and we journey toward the Land of Promise, the pilgrimage everlasting.

A wild and savage way. . . . For first we trod the beaten path, deeming it the Main Road. But we met people coming back, empty-handed, empty-hearted. Could it be that the Main Road led nowhere? We were as people running to a fire, not knowing why we ran. And those coming back said that the fire was out. For they had not seen a fiery Pillar, but only a marsh light.

So we forsook the Main Road. We struck across country, through dense undergrowth, into deep woods. No path. Where we would have said no foot had ever trod. Yet it was not so. For here were ashes where a fire once burned; nay, not ashes, but embers deep-smouldering. Then foot-prints; then a path. The path broadened; it became a trail; a road. Shouts rang out through the forest of other pathfinders breaking through the undergrowth, remote but drawing nearer. They found the Road. There were meetings and glad recognitions. . . . Old friends and new. . . . The surprise of finding them here. . . . The joy of knowing that all alone they, too, had adventured on the same quest. There was helping of one another with such light personal burdens as were still carried: there was helping of one another with the great common burden that all must carry.

Then befell the thing. Over the Road arose and stood a tower of living Flame. We lifted up our eyes to it in awe and cried aloud with a single voice. . . . It stood and moved, waving us forward; and we had no will but to follow. A light to the pathway, an awful rose of God, a Pillar of Fire.

The Road broadened. The journeyers became many, for

Exodus

they, too, had beheld the Pillar. The farther we went the more they were. They became throngs. Theirs were faces not alone of the present, but of the past, and of the future. All the pilgrims of all the ages trooped along in joyous company — the good and the great, saint and sinner, martyr, sage, seer, guileless fool, prophet, the known and the unknown, the Great Named and the greater nameless.

And then we saw that this, and not the other, was the Main Road, and that it had lain here all along and always, open to any feet that would tread it.

Then a greater wonder appeared. It was the same Road that we had forsaken. But it must be forsaken to be found. The same Road: but some were going forward on it and others were going back. So the Road wore one look to those going forward, but another look to those going back, according as they faced. But it was the same Road.

And then appeared the last wonder of all, and the greatest. — For we saw that all who trod this Road trod the same way whether they witted or no; whether they willed or no. But they who willed to tread it forward traveled faster and farther, and, above all, joyfully. But the others traveled for the most part sadly, for they knew not whither they went nor why. But we know why we go and we know that we go toward something great.

And so, comrades all, fellow pilgrims of this eternal Exodus, it is in your names, your homely, friendly names, that this call is sent pealing joyously forward to those who have gone before, and cheerly back to those who are coming after, whether they come from the Kind Mother who watched over our young manhood, or from that greater School in which alone we learn.

For there is none other way but the Main Road; and there are none that traverse it but are comrades. And the light thereof is that aspiring flame which towers burning, burning through the black night of the world, until its red shall quicken and brighten to a deeper flush. . . . And lo! the morning-red.

THE PILLAR OF FIRE

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A PROFANE BACCALAUREATE

It is several years since I, in company with numerous other sable-stoled Bachelors of Arts and Novices of Reality, was welcomed into "the fellowship of educated 'men.'" There were among us even then as we sat in the pews minds in which that sonorous phrase of the academic ritual jangled a note off key. That discord, in the interval, has grown louder—so loud, in fact, that it has impelled me to resort to Baccalaureate Sermons, and to search those scriptures yearly if haply I might find in them the issues of eternal life. First and last I must have perused nearly a bale of such. And I may own that I have read the lot with a widening stare of respectful amazement, chiefly edified by what was left out. Is it possible that these captains of educational industry have never heard of a dividend, a job hunt, a strike battle, a militia call, or a war for commercial supremacy?

An undergraduate of a great university (he was possessed of more ideals than worldly wisdom) once proposed that his Alma Mater found a school of journalism with a daily newspaper of national proportions as its laboratory. After taking thought for what might appear a suitable interval, the university authorities rejected the scheme. And the reason they gave for doing so was, as nearly as can be ascertained, as follows: to conduct such a newspaper would oblige the university to express itself on current political and economic questions. . . .

A year or two ago, a negro was burnt alive by a mob of citizens in Coatesville, Pennsylvania. A gentleman with a conscience acute enough to be appalled at the affair appealed to a friend to know what was to be done about it. He was met with the reply,

“It didn’t happen in my county.”

“Very well,” said he of the conscience, “then it happened in my county.”

If it is conceded that a great institution which purports to educate the youth of this land cannot afford to commit itself on current political and economic questions, I am moved to ask what is to be done about it. The Baccalaureate Sermons seem to say,

"It didn't happen in my county."

My reply is,

"Very well, then; it happened in my county."

Thus it is that I, a Nobody, am moved to speak, and utter certain things which Baccalaureate Sermons habitually omit.

Vigil at Arm

Over lawn and grove, on weather-mellowed wall and marble portico all gloriously streams the sunshine of young summer. It is June on the campus. Under elms and maples the greenswards, smooth as satin, are quartered to 'scutcheons of shadow and shields of golden blazonry. The brick walls of the old dormitories glow a rich, warm red amid greenery, and high above the masses of billowy foliage turret and spire stand gleaming white at proud salute to the sun. Stilled are the shouts from the playing fields; empty is the lecture room. The book is closed, the paper written. There has been pealing of bells across the slumbering peace of the morning—grave voices in throats of bronze to call you hither. Their tongues, too, are stilled. Only from the ivies,

close-clustering about these mullioned windows, and filtering the sunlight through their leaves of golden green, the robin and the thrush make melody, hymning the blithe morning and weather of gladness. Light and song enter this place, like us, sobered and hushed. Here, enshadowed among holy glooms, keep we vigil at arms.

Solemn jubilation of choir in prayer and praise: deep-thrilling surf-note of organ flooding nave and vaulting with a music like warm wind blowing from flower-starred meadows. . . . It has ceased. The voices are stilled—but there is not silence.

Other sounds are abroad; vague, confused, ominous. Voices that curse; voices that pray; shrieks, groans, shots. They defile the Sabbath peace; they violate this holy place with profane clamor and make of our worship a mockery. They grow louder, deeper, hoarser—the rattle of a gatling gun spraying death on West Virginia miners; a cry of "Fire!" in a Calumet strike hall; bark of rifles and crackle of flames from a Ludlow tent colony; shrieks of women and terrified crying of children at a Lawrence railway station; scream of shrapnel across European infernos; and through all,

like a fixed note in a madman's brain, the age-long, never-ending cry of the poor.

Hark! the robins cheep and twitter; insects hum their blithe scherzi; a faint breeze stirs the ivy to leafy music; richly on the air swings the scent of sweet clover and the new-mown hay; the rose distils her perfume; glorious and ever glorious streams the light of the all-nourishing sun. Yet comes this persistent undernote, relentless as accusing conscience, which in some sort it is,—and will not cease.

Shut windows; stop ears. Let the choir sing its loudest. Sound the full crash of great organ. Make a gorgeous music indoors to smother that ghastly sound from without. . . . Let be. The discord is only the more hideous, for that cry will not be smothered. Like another voice of the nation's conscience, in another hour like this, *it will be heard*.

Then silence the organ. Open wide the windows. Let in the sound, listen, and let the consequences be what they may. And since that worship which is disturbed by the cry of human agony is not worship but theolatriy, let our first act of faith be to quit the temple and plunge into the savage vortex of human society.

All Mirth Abandon

Did you suppose Dante's vision of Hell to be a poetic mediæval-theological allegory? It is a lame record of contemporary fact. Not 14th century fancy, but 20th century reality. The selfish errands on which we spend our lives in posting here and there bid us shun this look into the eternal shambles of human misery. We ask nothing better than to be spared that look, unmindful that not to look is to be but half a man, and to look without flinching is to be half a god, . . . even though the beholder is not afterward seen to smile.

Before the door of this fiery furnace stand the endurers of reality, naked to the waist, begrimed, streaming sweat of soul. They stir that vat of molten metal to purge it of its dross. From one blast out of that open door we others blench and recoil. They stand hour after hour in the blistering heat, stirring, stirring. From the very reflection of that scorching light on their fire-scarred faces we quail. To that flame-glare in the eyes of Dante, Tolstoy, Carlyle, Ibsen, we mutter our words of self-excuse: "pessimist," "radical," "fanatic," "visionary." We, who cannot en-

endure the ordeal of reality, cannot even endure that others can endure it.

The furnace is lit; the metal molten; the door ajar. Draw we near, if for never so brief a season, to stand at the founder's elbow, and, shading eyes with hands, snatch glimpses into that white-hot inferno which he studies with a steadfastness so appalling.

Assorted Hells

Perhaps you think all's well with a world in which you personally expect always to have enough. "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives." It lives, whilst 300,000 children, before they reach their third birthday, die of poverty. A million more are snatched from cradle to loom—human fuel to stoke the insatiable Moloch-fire of industrialism. There they are (whilst you higggle over metaphysical puzzles of Being and Becoming) parboiled in the steaming-room of the flax mill; on the trot all day with red hot bottles from the annealing oven; inhaling the lung-destroying dust of the coal breakers that they may do work which mechanical slate-pickers can do and would do if boy-flesh, at sixty cents for a nine-hour day, were not cheaper; tend-

ing machines on a night shift, to be kept awake by dashes of cold water—so runs the cheerful (and Congressional) record. Philosophy, is it? Then let your true laughing philosopher be the manufacturer who consoles us thus: “We are a prolific race. If they die, there will be plenty more.”

Are you content to scan sonorous Sophoclean odes which bewail a fate-begotten plague in seven-gated Thebes whilst there are, on the island of Manhattan, fifty-one blocks huddling 3,000 people to each, through which creeps the icy contagion of tuberculosis? Are you engrossed with Viking raids, Napoleonic campaigns, and Crusades to the Holy Sepulchre in an hour when the private armies hired out to corporations by strike-breaking agencies muster scarcely fewer fighters than the standing army of the United States in times of peace? Do you preen yourselves on the enjoyment of political liberties superior to those of benighted Europeans when the incomes of all the rulers of Europe and of the two Americas for the past quarter-century are exceeded by the levies, for the same period, of a single American industrial monopoly? If the butcheries of modern war seem to reduce woman's heroic endur-

ance of the pangs of childbirth to a fruitless mockery, consider that somewhere in these United States once each sixteen minutes a workman is killed at his task. Do you, in whose reading the prostitute has been a sentimental-literary tradition, beginning with Aspasia and Thais, continuing through Bella-front, Marguerite Gautier, and Fanny Le-Grand to Paula Tanqueray and Lucy Dane, until the whole sordid commercial basis of sex-sale was exposed in a memorable (but censored) speech of a certain vilified Mrs. Warren, please to reflect that there are, in one American metropolis at this moment, 10,000 women reduced to ply the trade of sex not, as that pandering literary convention would bid you suppose, for any romantic glamor or physical pleasure, but by the harsh compulsion of cold and hunger. Have you shuddered over that grisly legend of the yearly tribute of seven youths and seven maidens paid by the Athenians to the Minotaur in the labyrinth of hundred-citied Crete? Then know that once every seven years this haggard army of ten thousand desecrated souls and bodies must be renewed to feed the maw of this strangest of beasts—this monster with the body of a man, which is hu-

man society, the head of a bull which is male lust, and the teeth of a lion which is the competitive wage system of capitalism.

Inferno it is, but not in cantos of musically rhymed Italian vocables. Come. Are your nerves steady? Are your hearts stout? Then approach the brink for a bolder look down the chasm into these murderous rapids of competitive industry.

Thanatoptimism

Does a property system capable of maintaining a \$1,000-a-day suite and a \$1.00-a-day stoker in one and the same steamship de luxe, entrusting the steering wheel of said steamship to a \$5.00-a-week quartermaster whose one false spin of its spokes to port or to starboard could plunge the whole \$20,000,000 outfit to the sea-bottom, commend itself to you as conforming even to such standards of economy as are entertained by that system itself?

Does an urban society which generates germ-cultures of every virulent bodily and social disease in tracts measured by the square mile and casually designated as slums—and these just abaft the back windows of red-brocaded drawing rooms graced with authentic

Sheraton mahoganies, fulfill your conceptions of a profitable insurance risk? Or does a theory of wages based on the axiom that the less you pay the more you profit bedazzle your vision with bright auguries for the future of an American democracy? Has it occurred to you that a competitive system which is laid flat on its back once every two decades, or oftener, with acute financial colic incurred by habitual gluttony (during which its affairs fall into a frightful snarl of bread lines, soup kitchens, and suicides of desperate men who have consumed their blood-bought savings in enforced idleness), may some day come back to business to find a strange face at its cashier's window, the bread line having grown impatient?

Are you willing to allow industry to squeeze the pulp out of a vigorous man in ten years at an annual wage less than sufficient to support his family in comfort, and then pitch him on the scrap heap—to be supported in sanitarium, infirmary or jail, by you and your like—whilst industry selects another specimen for a repetition of the performance?

Do you suppose it mere accident that the peasant farmer immigrants from Southern Europe should have gravitated in such locust-

swarms not to our tillage lands but to our mill towns? Have you any assurance that when Southern Europe has been drained of steerage fares and pauper labor either by war or by an *entente cordiale* of European steamship companies and American manufacturers, this amiable alliance, still on the example of cotton planters and slave traders of the last century, will not open the flood-gates of Asia? Do they find you compliant when, after these bewildered aliens, goaded to despair by oppression, threaten an uprising, these their oppressors run whining for protection to a citizen soldiery composed of those whom their imported laborers have all but dispossessed of the land? If we grasp, before it is too late, the urgency of instructing these dumb, driven, younger-brother settlers of ours in their rights and their duties as citizens, are you content that you and your children should be the ones to pay these school bills incurred by the blind and reckless greed of private capital?

And when all the dumb, aspiring manhood in these toiling myriads surges into an agony of industrial rebellion, which is the most profoundly touching, and the most profoundly hopeful symptom in the whole situation, are

you idolatrously given to a literal reading of a Medes-and-Persians Constitution when it is interpreted as celebrating the profane trinity of life, liberty, and the pursuit of property, under which a militia is marched forth to stamp out these embers of manhood in the name of a thereby-violated capitalist law and order?

The case might rest here, with the ridiculous incompetency of capitalism to do the work it pretends to do, and keep the peace it pretends to keep. But if thus bad begins, worse remains behind. Lean yet farther over the brink: peer yet deeper into the red-roaring chaos.

The World-Reign of Terror

Two forces dominate our Western civilization—nationalism and capitalism. These two have begotten a monstrous Gargantuan third—Imperialism. Imperialism is capital's Alexandrine thirst for new worlds to conquer—and to exploit. National patriotism is its pretext. Three almost virgin continents invite this invasion,—Asia, Africa and South America. Mines, plantations, railways; labor fabulously cheap; profits fabulously high; financial power; national glory; "spheres of influence," "legiti-

mate national aspirations," "manifest destiny": such is the Eldorado legend of the ruling classes in modern Europe, and, let me add, in America as well.

But commerce is still subject to political interference. And political authority is enforced, at a grapple, with gunpowder. Foreign investments must therefore be secured, if possible, by political control, and this political control must be maintained, by arms if necessary, against the competing greeds of rival trading nations.

Hence your madmen's race of armaments—a race with its goal the precipice of bankruptcy or war. Hence the peevish rivalries between the trading classes of protagonist England and protagonist Germany, of which the back-breaking burdens of armament (borne chiefly by the working class) were but the fist-shaking. Hence the confusion of tongues, each pot calling each kettle black; and the panic impulse of every chancellery to shunt the blame for having begun overt hostilities, a panic born partly of conscious guilt, partly of ignorance that the ruling or commercial class in every other belligerent country is equally to blame, and not a little from terror of the consequences when a

mangled proletariat learns, as it must learn, the truth.

Hence that stampede of sovereign European thinkers into stultifying glorifications of tribal gods,—a perfectly natural and quite unconscious reaction to the ideals of an Imperialistic State, and certainly not more grotesque than the spectacle of Christian priests invoking the blessing of the Prince of Peace on banners of armies bent on scientific butchery. Hence the industrialization of war, your soldier turned factory-hand, working so many hours a day at what he terms “the job,” loafing when the officer-boss is not looking; yes, and “putting his hand out” voluntarily to receive a disabling wound—*sabotage* in the trenches. . . . Hence this piteous and fantastic fraternizing of foes between battle lines,—photographs of Tommies and Boches arm-in-arm, caps and spiked helmets exchanged on heads which are presently to resume their functions as targets—and above all, this eloquent bewilderment of numbers of the fighting men as to why they should be fighting at all.

Hence, too, these loud alarums of American capitalism, clamoring for death-engines to protect its own Dragon Heap from the Berserker

fury which has seized European capitalism. Hence, in short, a thousand incidents of these hag-ridden months which remain unintelligible under any other interpretation.

If the foregoing does not proceed according to the formulas in vogue with a press which is produced for and consumed by a capitalistically-minded society, you may be able to guess for yourselves why such a version as this should gain little currency and less credence when the consequences of its infiltration through the mind of a victimized proletariat would be so certain and so fearful. It is a version which, as you can see, will have done well if it has gained a popular foothold a decade hence. Meanwhile, if the opposing trend of all your previous teaching and thinking persuades you to reject it, I shall be more disappointed than surprised.

Revolution or Night

That you may have the utmost syllable of the confession, let me say that two years before August 1914, any radical mature enough to have abjured his teething-ring, viewing the up-sweep of social democracy in every country of Europe, and knowing that a crescendo cannot

be kept up indefinitely, could see that the race was a race between world war and social revolution. Indeed, one of the few items of agreement among such thinkers as have contrived to keep their wits seems to be that the governing classes of the belligerent nations, consciously or unconsciously, invoked that ancient device of statecraft to reconcile contending factions within—attack from without. And though it is true that, five months before August 1914, the news traveled by its mysterious underground wires among radicals that a European war, fomented to distract attention from the social upheaval, was scheduled for not later than June 1915, candor obliges me to confess that the rumor was not credited. Radicals, naturally, backed their own horse. And the war horse won. But this frustration can be accepted a shade serenely for the following reason: The last general European war of monarchies determined to undo the French Revolution was provoked by that eruption of political democracy, and ended in St. Helena and three decades of stagnation. There is, conversely, some reason to hope that such a conflict as this, provoked by reactionary elements, may result in an uprising of industrial

democracy to overthrow the agents of the mischief and prevent its repetition. Social revolution has been postponed, not averted; scotch'd, not killed.

But now comes a new race, no longer between world war and social revolution,—for in comparative destructiveness alone even reactionaries agree that social revolution would have been a God-send. The question now is: Which will Imperialism destroy first, itself or civilization? And no idle query it is.

That intricate machinery which was the somewhat dubious contribution of the 19th century to human society—a blessing or a curse, like all things material, according as we use them—capitalism first seized to enslave the working class and gratify its appetite for private profits; to protect which from rival nationalist groups of capitalists, as well as for the common and congenial business of coercing the working class, it was next necessary to farm out that same machinery to human slaughter. And this death enginery Imperialism has now loosed to glut its grudges in an international anarchy compared to which the casual bomb-throwing of a fantastic idealist— for which capitalist governments revenge

themselves in a ridiculous frenzy of insane terror—is as a pitiful spit-ball tossed by a school-boy when teacher's back is turned.

God Made It, Therefore Let It Pass for a World

Such is Europe, a world which has cheated hell of its terrors. And the only difference between Europe and America in mercanto-military madness is the geographical accident of 2000 miles of salt water, a difference which the reactions of a capitalistically-minded nation to fancied "national insult" might any day erase. When, therefore, you perceive the desperate delusion wherein men suppose that they can unchain the jungle ethics of cutthroat competition on human society, arm them, by a prostitution of applied science, with the most terrific engines of slaughter known to history—meanwhile paying lip-homage to a Christianity which they brazenly repudiate in every practical transaction of their lives—and then hope to escape the inexorable consequences, you perceive the whole ghastly fallacy of our blood-drenched pseudo-civilization. A scheme of society organized under the banner of devil-take-the-hindmost can only result in the devil taking us all. And that the innocent are suf-

fering in this world every extremity of torture with which the mediæval world threatened the guilty in the next—this because, in a close-knit human community, the transgressions of the few are visited on us all—may explain why religion is veering round from personal salvation to the creed that the only way to save oneself is to save society first.

Under Suspended Sentences

I have been at pains to diagnose this insidious disease in the blood of the nations in order that you might not, as is only natural, be betrayed by the seeming stability of the existing order into supposing that because thou art comfortable there shall always be cakes and ale. You have been detained in the laboratory among deadly explosives and noxious fumes in order that you might not step lightly forth and, as is natural, infer from the bounteous peace of this green vale enringed with purple hills; from sweet-smelling wood smoke curling upward in still air off quiet hearths; from these placid dwellings, these stately woods, and the majestic pregnancy of the broad-bosomed fields that all these secrets of the laboratory are but an evil dream. For to the argument of security

drawn from the outward security of a peaceful landscape slumbering in its golden robe of sunshine on a radiant Sunday morning in June there needs but one reply: so, once, was Belgium. Or, nearer home; so, once, was Ludlow.

It is a landscape slumbering indeed, in a stupor of archaic nationalism, over a mine of commercial patriaphobia. Plutocracy gives the word; officialdom presses the button; popular passion detonates; and the whole scene leaps into void.

Such is the world-wide Reign of Terror which you and I and all of us must face. And the crushing paradox of education in our time is not that it should be difficult to deliver you such a message as this, but that it should be needful. Understand me: I do not so flatter you as to suppose that the salvation of society, or even of this national section of it known as the United States, lies especially in you. It lies in you just in so far as you accept your share of the burden, and that your share is, at most, likely to be much less than that of your less cultured and better educated brothers of the working class is one of the staggering but salutary surprises which await those of you who still retain your capacity for receiving in-

struction when you begin the business of earning your livings. Nevertheless, the stake which the community has invested in your education—in so far as it can be called an education—justifies it in expecting from you a proportionately larger return, and for the present, radicals, who see you not in your relation to your own class, but in your relation to the needs of all classes, are not able to perceive that this expectation is altogether likely to be fulfilled.

Seen from the granite ledges of a headland, a Northeast gale off the Atlantic is an elemental drama which beggars stage-craft. To be out in it as a navigating officer is another, and less æsthetic, occupation. How much you enjoy the scenic grandeur of a raging sea depends on your seamanship, your stomach, your courage, and, above all, on your vessel. From the saloon of a tall-sided transatlantic liner it is conceivable that a first-cabin passenger, peering between curtains of rose-pink satin through the plate glass of a bull's-eye port—given, as Carlyle stipulates, “stupidity and a sound digestion”—might face much.

From which you will perceive that

Revolutionary zeal increases inversely as the square of the income.

Seen from the damask upholstery in the first cabin of a seaworthy craft, this world of sinking ships and praying hands is a theme for tear-mongering Tennysonian jingles. Seen from the deck of a sinking coastal schooner, to the eyes of a crew mad-haggard from hopeless toil at the pumps, it is merely a bellowing chaos of salt-water hell. Seen from the long boat of a revenue cutter's rescuing crew, it is a bit of desperately dangerous daily toil, anything but picturesque to the participants, lamentably devoid of romance, shockingly underpaid, very wet, bitterly cold, thoroughly disagreeable, somewhat tedious, and all quite "in line of duty." Do you crave grail-questing adventure, crimsoned by the brush of Mr. Edwin Abbey, and paced off to the gorgeous orchestration of a Wagnerian score? Know, then, O children of a nineteenth century culture-worship, that that is art; but this is life. Life untransfigured by the poetizing imagination. Life's raw material. Crude. Humdrum. Evil-smelling. Adventure as a steady job at so much per—minus.

Et Ego in Arcadia

Let me not hear that all this is the prelude to Utopian counsels. And do not allow thoughtless persons to tell you that Utopia means Noplace. Utopia means a college town. Here it is amid Doric colonnades and sacred groves. This would be the reality of romance to choose if life were an endless summer afternoon in a Thackerayan novel and William Morris's dream of a communist society in which people are good-natured all day long had come true. Here is that studious seclusion in which thought may ripen to mellow fruition, touching the brows of old men to light and the temples of young men to vision. Here are graceful amenities, picturesque customs, ideal pursuits, and passion translated into abstract enthusiasm. Hither come the good and great to give you of their store. Here youth is generous (never having encountered that pressure which makes it otherwise) and measurably democratic. Degrees exist; but they are degrees of character, of bodily skill, of ability and companionability: as little as may be are they degrees of earning-power. Work is, or can be made, a pleasure. There is

communal interest, communal spirit, communal toil, communal play. Around the flame-lit hearths of those professorial studies which, in their scholarly-picturesque disorder, are an art-form in themselves; in the noisy glee of the shower baths where superb young males walk naked, magnificently unabashed; on those pedestrian excursions over snowy hills through winter days of glittering blue-and-white; in the confidence-persuading intimacies of the dormitory; in those chummy sessions of team-study for examinations; in that passionate affection for the place, the time, the companions, and the very sticks and stones of the institution, you are declaring your recognition of a way of life which you instinctively feel to have been ideal. Your forebodings of the time when you must exchange all this for a world which presents every acute angle of contrast to it, and the regretful retrospect with which graduates idealize their college years are exposures of a discrepancy between what human society might be and what human society is which appear to be totally lost on us all.

This measure of resemblance between a college town and an ideal community may explain also why college friendships are so often

spoken of as a distinct species, different certainly from the commercial "friendships" of after life. The college, alone in the modern world, remembers what Plato told us: that save for the fruitful years of the mating season, women are more mentally stimulating to women and men are more stimulating mentally to men than are men and women to each other. Thus while in the antique world, friendship was the permanent interest and marriage the temporary, in the modern world marriage is the permanent interest and friendship the temporary. It will at once occur to you that the more judicious minds are always urging the value of the element of "companionship" in marriage (by which they mean friendship) because they involuntarily perceive that sexual passion, the pollenizing of the race, passes with the spring, but that the knot tied by passion society decrees must be worn, if possible, for life. You, therefore, who have welded friendships, one, or perhaps two, unbelievably frank, deep, and loyal, and who know how miraculously fruitful in things of the spirit is this affection unyoked with sex, should reflect that this privilege has been yours largely because the conditions of ancient life

which made it possible—a leisure-class society resting on the labor of a slave class—are reproduced in these modern Academes. Here, for once, you can cultivate tastes in studies which will never add a penny to your incomes. Here, for once, you can afford to take an unprofessional interest in your fellow men. Here, for a season, you can live in past ages (remember later that I said “past”), and can loaf and invite your souls. Not the hoarse bray of a factory whistle, but bells, in voices of rich, bronze baritone, summon you to work or to worship. Your very grievances and grumbles are jokes. Your bodies are vibrant instruments swept by the practised hand of nature to the music of sharp exercise and refreshing sleep. Your minds are voyaging conquestadores, waking to wonder and wild surmise amid new continents, strange seas, and unearthly splendors. For you on honey dew have fed and drunk the milk of paradise.

Expulsion from the Garden

Three and one-half years these delights have been yours. Half way through the fourth a serpent glides into this Garden; a shadow darkens across the sun. For what was the se-

cret of all this graceful leisure and gay irresponsibility? Father paid the bills. And what is the shadow across the sun? The dubious prospect of finding a job. It is not wholly the realization that you are but feebly equipped to earn livings. It is not even wholly that you are soon to be thrust out of a rose-scented paradise into a grimy reality. The keenest smart, the coldest pang is that the paradise was false; that it had severed those tender, compassionate human kinships which should link it always with the gaunt-suffering world. In punishment whereof they who but now, crouched beside a glowing hearth, were cozily enjoying the pelt of sleet against the pane, must out and face the storm.

When the wires were snapping with the first details of that Titanic-parable of our industrial civilization—that grisly fore-warning of European ship-wreck—most of us must have shared a polite surprise, tintured with sardonic amusement, at an unfamiliar version of an all too familiar phrase which has already appeared in these pages. When the water was up to the bridge, someone was reported to have shouted:

“Now every man for himself, *and God for us all.*”

To have challenged this novel version at the time would have been publicly to brand the funeral eulogist a liar—a social error—but not a few of us must have smiled privately over this pious substitute for “devil take the hindmost,”—a phrase which society was just then in no mood to stomach.

If official Baccalaureates were to discuss the Titanic-Lusitania horror of our contemporary industrial anarchy—its ruthless scramble for the boats, its gunshot arguments, its women-and-children-last—I can only conceive the preacher as speaking in terms of “Every man for himself, *and God for us all.*”

If it were true that educated people, as they are fond of insisting, suffer more acutely than the ignorant, then the pangs borne by any third college graduate at being thrust out of his academic Eden to delve for his living must reduce Adam’s punishment to the estate of the children’s penitential hour in a dark closet. Here again, it is not the evil magic of a swift translation from spacious country estate to hall bedroom; nor the abrupt cold-water

plunge of paying one's own bills after years of having had them paid by checks from home; nor even the shift from a world of friends to a world of strangers. It is something far more real and somewhat dreadful—an instant shift from a world of friends to a world of enemies.

Industrially, that is what they are. Shorn of all ameliorating phrases, the world you are now in and must live in till you die is a world of devil-take-the-hindmost. You know it now. Perhaps you knew it before you went to college, and the college sang a hush-a-bye-intellect-on-the-tree-top against this ghastly prospect which lulled memory into a three and one-half year drowse, and if the college did this thing, then so much the worse for the college and for you.

To those of you who will step from commencement platform into comfortable berths where you may sleep your lives away untroubled by the moans of the perishing; to those who neither know nor care what a modern city is, nor shudder at the principles on which its affairs are transacted, these remarks will have less than no meaning. Viewed from the verandah of the country club after a game of golf,

it is not surprising that this City of Dreadful Night should appear more Rembrandtesque than tragic. To those who expect to spend their lives on the country club verandah, or to those whose names are even up for membership, I do not address myself. But the great majority in a graduating class are thirsting for an opportunity to translate their ideals into conduct, and it is to you that I do address myself.

Cheating the Confessional

However, lest you should prematurely console yourselves that all this is an appeal to shoulder your share of a burden which you may honor or not at discretion, let me hasten to inform you how, on the contrary, it is likely to bear with peculiar weight on your own backs, and this largely because of a type of education which, as you supposed, was to enable you to transfer that weight.

A college graduate—he had earned his Doctorate of Radicalism by a six-year post graduate course in the University of Devil-Take-The-Hindmost—looks up from the pages of his sexennial class report to remark:

“This doesn’t tell me anything. These class

autobiographies are merely well-bred ways of saying, 'I am, or am not, making so-much money.' What I am curious to know is the true history of these classmates of mine during the last six years. I will venture that they would be damned pathootic."

"Why damned pathootic?" he is asked.

"Because they, too, sat in the pews and heard themselves welcomed into 'the fellowship of educated men.' They, too, were pitched into the business world supposing that their education was some magical Phi Beta Kappa key to power, glory, or a fat salary. All but a half dozen of them must have learned by this time that their keys do not fit the locks. And they suppose the fault is in themselves. And that they are failures. And they either come around to class reunions prepared to throw a sickening bluff; or, if they are sensitive and honest, do not come around at all. Disappointed; disillusioned; and, as they suppose, defeated. Probably not one in ten of them, unless he has mixed with the working class, or been softened and sweetened by misfortune, or had radicalism knocked into him somehow, suspects what ails him, and where the trouble really lies. If we knew their

stories, I will venture they would be damned pathootic."

That there may be no mistake about this, let me particularize as to what you, who do not expect to earn your livings with a pair of coupon shears, are in for.

You fare forth from these hallowed portals, in theory, "better to serve your country and your kind"; in practice, to look for a job. This, please remember, after you have been expressly informed, even before you passed your entrance examinations, that save for certain types of specialized training, the college did not undertake to increase your earning power, but only,—if we may lapse into pedagogic,—to "broaden your horizon." If, therefore, you discover that four years of academic training have provided you with little which you can sell for your board and keep, before upbraiding your Alma Mater, be sure that you re-peruse the terms of the original contract. Your parents, to be sure, used the other formula, "I want my son to have a better chance than I had," which, being interpreted, meant: "I want my son to have a better chance than I had to get more money for less work"; which is, again, to escape from the exploited

class into the exploiting class. The college talked "wider horizons," but you know your hard-headed old dad too well to suppose that he would have mortgaged the house for the sake of a wider horizon.

What follows is addressed to whom it may concern. Chiefly it concerns the Bachelor of Arts or Kindergartner of Life. But if the M.D., the D.M.D., the D.D., or the Ph.D., does not encounter this particular weave of the Golden Fleece, neither does his professional Argo cleave none but summer seas.

Joys of the Job-Hunt

The first sting which penetrates the hide of even the thickest-skinned job-hunter is the callous indifference of all but the tenth man as to whether you eat or starve. Nobody cares. If an employer happens to need a human commodity and sees a chance to turn your labor to a profit, he is interested. Otherwise, he is annoyed and takes no trouble to conceal it. Do not interpose for my instruction that "the employer is not in business for his health." He will waste no time imparting that fact himself. Besides, half the energy spent in his voluble assurances that he can give you no work and

knows of no one who can, might have turned up at least one helpful suggestion. Plenty of pilgrims on this depressing quest have confessed that a single employer who exhibited a spark of interest in them was so rare that the mere circumstance of his having no employment to offer was completely forgotten in the relief of being treated as a human being.

The A.B. has been taught that the man who finds it hard to get work is the unskilled. Not until he takes his hat in hand and starts around town in search of a job does he realize that the main difference between the unskilled man and himself is that he, having had \$2,000 invested in his education, expects it to yield him more than one-half of one per cent. In truth, the A.B. has little to offer for sale, and the employer who will bid for it at all is both able and determined to drive a sharp bargain. When he repeats, for the hundredth time, that the A.B. is worth no more to his business as he stands than a boy fresh from grammar school, he is telling the truth, except that he knows, all the same, that he is hiring a disciplined mind in a disciplined body.

So a sample of the sort of thing he offers is this: shipping room or stock department for

a year or two at \$10 a week, after which, "if we like you and you like us, we can talk business." You will observe that if, at the end of a year or two, you do not like him or he does not like you (a discovery postponed until the expiration of that term) you are free to go elsewhere and repeat the program, having made a present of two of the best years of your youth to your employer at \$10 per.

Do not call the employer soap-box names. He is not to blame for a competitive system which obliges him to give as little and get as much as he can. Unless this necessitous habit of ruthless practice has schooled the kindlier human instincts out of him, he probably enjoys it as little as you do. The point on which to fix your attention is where the boot pinches and why.

If, at this juncture, a bustling black-bombazined dowager—in which guise you have now begun to envisage your Alma Mater—thrusts her head in to cackle: "Yes; but you forget my new Graduate School of Finance and Business Administration," you will probably, by this time, be exasperated to the point of replying: "Yes: for students who can afford to add from one to three years to their

regular academic course,—especially if a rich uncle is keeping open a high-class position in the family factory or bank.” One such school has recently established “a course in employment,” on the droll assumption that the main perplexity of its graduates will be whom to hire, not whom they can find to hire them.

Misapplied Science

Nor from the testimony of the lads trained in the technical schools am I able to discern that their prospects are much rosier, continuing, as those schools do, blandly to overcrowd a profession already over-crowded, on the always-room-at-the-top theory that by being more clever than somebody else you may get his job away from him, no matter how sorely he may need it. “We can use all the men you send us,” chant the engineering corporations in sanctimonious falsetto. So they can—for the two years of one of those “shop courses” whereby the concern obtains expert technical work for a day laborer’s wage; and, at the expiration of that period, these youths, who were elated at having been chosen for this “shop course” (on the understanding that it was a stepping-stone to higher things), are given the

alternative of being pigeon-holed in blind-alley positions or seeking employment elsewhere. Whereupon they resign, plus some enlightenment and minus two years' work, and their places are promptly filled by a fresh batch of youngsters, proud of having been chosen, and eager for the fray.

Waste no breath denouncing corporations for this soulless practice. Run them on a competitive system and require them to pay dividends to absentees who could not tell a dynamo from a transformer, and this is the sort of procedure which you not only invite, but exact.

Young men nimble-witted enough to comprehend their economic predicament generally resign themselves to what they know to be unjust conditions during the first few years of their employment, keenly alert, meanwhile, to espy and seize any leverage by which they can pry a fair wage out of their employers. This is nothing but the bare-boned strategy of the situation in so far as your college sends you forth into the world not to exploit but to be exploited. The social economy whereby young men of a type presumably the most desirable to the community as fathers find their marriage automatically postponed from two to five

years in the most fertile period of their lives whilst the toil and energy which normally should go to the founding of first-rate American families leaks through the holes of a fiercely competitive commercial system into the pockets of privately-owned industries is an economy which I commend to your rapt and studious contemplation. As for an educational system which, stupidly or ignorantly, plays into the hands of this wasteful and cynical exploitation of youth, inexperience and mal-preparation, that I resign to such estimates as you may find compatible with the duty and reverence which you owe to your Great Mother of Men.

To Sea in a Bowl

When, however, I have spent a very bad half day thumbing the college catalogue in an endeavor to establish some connection between the curriculum and the vulgar but necessary act of earning a living, on behalf of an artisan's husky son who has responded to the call of culture—re-enforced by encouragement from the athletic committee—and I am told not to be silly: that aside from certain learned professions, the curriculum is not designed to

increase earning power, I coolly lay down the catalogue and reply: "Very well. Now we can understand each other. Insist on cultural education, and you must abandon your pretense that a training which exacts four years from the earning period without a commensurate compensation in earning power is an instrument of democracy. It may be a gracious adornment of the youth whose parents can buy it for him: it may be an ennobling badge of moral rank in the youth who has the pluck to accept his life-struggle with a three- or four-year handicap for which he was forced to pay as he went; but it is a training which must henceforth be acknowledged to be a class-commodity for class consumption."

It is a question whether a college president who comprehended this class status of academic education would promulgate quite so blandly as one has done that "a salary of \$15 a week is the maximum which a college man should be paid immediately after graduation." It may be. But to occupy four years in a cultural discipline which creates expensive tastes to be gratified on a wage of \$15 per, involves a discrepancy which you who undertake the experiment will not be slow in finding out for

yourselves. Let the colleges stop wasting the time of those of you who have no time to waste. Either let them cease their cackle about democratized education, or stop sending you to sea in a bowl.

To lubricate the heated bearings of this discussion of class dominance in our colleges, let us appeal to the oracle. Let us consult Socrates, and try if his genial dialectic cannot teach us a way to trace these patterns of class consciousness in these our contemporary Academes. Suppose a dialogue between the duck-gaited sage of ancient Hellas and an undergraduate of modern Studentdom.

PEDAGOGUS: A SOCRATIC SCHERZO

Whither are you bound, Ariston, in such haste, and so intent on your errand? It is well for me that you are going on foot, for if you had been going in a chariot I would even now be where the indictment of friend Miletus would send me.

Is it you, Socrates? You cannot detain me this time for one of your cross-questionings, for I

am bound to the porch of the King Archon.

What can have happened? Is there an insurrection among the slaves at last? Surely, you will at least tell me the news.

Nay, if I stop to tell you the news, Socrates, then I am lost, for who knows but you will ply your wiles and keep me here conversing with you so that I shall not come to the porch of the King Archon even by sunset, though it is now the hour of noon.

You cannot suppose an old busy-body like me capable of plying wiles: that is a flattery I cannot allow. But the news?

Democrates, the
soap-boxer,
bawls-out the
Academe.

Well, then, Socrates, if you must know, it happened that whilst Pedagogus, the sophist, was discoursing to his pupils in the Academe this morning came a rude fellow carrying such a jar as holds the caked oil with

which we young men anoint our bodies at the palæstra before we bathe. This he placed bottom-side-up in the midst of the Academe, and mounting it, he harangued the pupils of Pedagogus, bawling out slanderous stuff in a loud voice.

Slanders, my good youth? What were they?

Such as may well enanger you, Socrates; for he said that the music, gymnastic and philosophy which are our studies were all an idle folly. He said that the philosophy which we young men hear in the Academe teaches no other thing than to live a base life, being maintained by slaves; and that the music, either of the lyre or of the voice or of the flute, is no true music, but that true music is made only by the folk at their work or their play, if they have play; and that our gymnastic is not true gymnastic

but only the play of children, but that true gymnastic is such toil as the slaves do.

Let me hear more, by all means.

Is it not a most vile ranting? He said, too, that Pedagogus was an evil fellow, not in his manner of life, but in that he taught the youth of the city not what they should know, but what they should not know: and that Pedagogus our master and all of us his pupils, though we talked of noble themes, lived ignoble lives because that which we eat and drink and wear is fabricated not by us but by slaves. Did mortal ever hear such loose chatter?

In truth, the fellow seems to have a most unusual flow of words. But did he tell you what true philosophy is not and not tell you what it is?

That, Socrates, is the strangest part of it, for this slang-whanger talked new-fangled no-

tions which he said were true philosophy and had been true philosophy always, since the long ships of King Agamemnon sailed for Troy, and always would be true philosophy, and this was it: that the wise man was he who won beauty and virtue by becoming a slave and laboring with slaves as one of them, until all slaves should become free men and take away from us our orchards and vineyards and potteries.

Good heavens!

Democrates contrasts the stand-pat Achilles with the anti-militarist Thersites to the disparagement of the former.

Nay, but listen. He said that the hideous Thersites was a hero, and that the swift-footed Achilles was base, for Achilles sulked in his tent because King Agamemnon took away his concubine, and so his friend Patroclus was slain; but Thersites, a common soldier, stood up in the ranks and spoke out to the chieftains, saying that the war was not glorious but was foolish, and

that the people were weary of it and got nothing but wounds and death whilst the chieftains had women and rich spoils, and so Thersites suffered a grievous blow from the sceptre of the many-counselled Odysseus which raised a welt on his back, and he ceased speaking, weeping with pain whilst all the people laughed; and so, says this fellow, Achilles was a base-begotten whelp, but Thersites was a hero.

Truly, a strange speech, and one which seems, my good youth, to have graven itself on your memory.

And seems to have disturbed not a little class-content.

And he said that all dispute of the one and the many and of what is the nature of virtue is idle prating as of outer barbarians until every man, whether slave or free, from the Academe to the Pireus, has enough to eat and to wear; and he chided us roundly as being mischievous fellows like to do the State more

harm than good with our gymnastic, music and philosophy. And last he said that all slaves who work with their hands are more noble and virtuous than we—and all manner of outrageous things, more than I can tell you.

Indeed, Ariston, you have told me but all too well, excepting one thing: What said Pedagogus, and the other sophists who were with him?

Pedagogus upholds Law and Order: Also, Freedom of Public Utterance.

Paradoxes, the Cretan, said that there was much truth in what the fellow said, but that the nature of man is one, and what befalls him is many, but that his nature does not change, so that though these things are evil, they must remain forever as they are.

And what said Periphrastes, the Corinthian?

He replied that a slave is not capable of divine philosophy, but, being a slave, born base, is base to the end, and was shapen to be

a drudge and to fetch and carry for them that are of gentle birth and have noble dispositions.

But what said your master, Pedagogus?

He waxed wroth as ever Achilles in the verses of old Homer, and said the slaves should rejoice to have such gentle masters who had skill in ruling, which slaves have not; and that the fellow was an evil-tongued stirrer-up of strife and if the slaves listened to him they would slay us and take away our wives and our houses and overturn the State; and he said further that the Archons should know of this and lay the fellow by the heels for disturbing an orderly concourse in the Academe. So I am come to bear the message.

Democrates has,
it appears, a
record.

Yet tell me, good Ariston, is not this that violent, brawling fellow who fomented a revolt of the slaves in the pottery of Ad-

rastus, the Cretan, and was banished for seven years—Democrates, the son of Antiphon?

That is the man.

And do the seven years he has spent among the outer barbarians make his act, which was esteemed evil then, good now, so that he comes once more among us?

How do you mean, Socrates?

If the act was evil once, has it been made good by seven years of banishment?

Why do you ask me such a question? For how can an act which was evil formerly be good now?

Socrates seeks
wisdom in the
least likely
places

Let us remember that, Ariston. But now pray tell me,—if the fellow is put in prison for his rantings, is it not well to ask first whether his words are true or false, in order that we may profit by his wisdom if wisdom he has?

but Ariston falls
for the dialectic.

But how can such a fellow have wisdom? And indeed, I

can see, Socrates, that you are drawing me into one of your nets of questionings in which you will make me appear a foolish fellow, both to myself and to any who happen to be by, and so I will not delay my errand but go at once.

Aye, but my Ariston, when I say that we should profit by the wisdom of Democrates, if wisdom he has, I mean that we should thus arm ourselves against the ill-will of the Archons if haply he should be cast into prison unjustly and a reason should be required of us by the Archons who are loth to have that stain on their office.

It seems to me that you speak well. I had not thought of that.

I speak well? That cannot be. For as you know I am too great a simpleton, so it must be that my dæmon has spoken for

me. And now I feel the prompting which tells me that my familiar is about to speak again, and this is what I am bidden to say: "Is it true or is it false that, as said by Democrates, Pedagogus and his pupils would perish of hunger if slaves did not toil for them?" How shall we learn that, Ariston?

Most easily, Socrates, for I can tell you that Pedagogus lives by the drachma which each pupil pays into his palm each morning at the Academe, and by the olive orchard which is his, and his pupils dwell each in the house of his sire.

It appears that Pedagogus is not wholly dependent on his fees.

Do I hear you aright, Ariston—and I hope my poor head is not too dense to take it in properly—that half of all that Pedagogus eats and wears he can buy in the Agora with the olives from his grove, so that he requires not two drachmas from each of you, but only one?

That is it, Socrates. You have it exactly as it is.

I am delighted with myself, then, Ariston. . . . And should we, then, be grateful to Pedagogus for not requiring the second drachma, or to the olive grove?

To the grove, I think, surely.

And did Pedagogus buy the land and plant the trees?

Certainly not. Both he had from his grateful pupil, Eurycrates, the Theban, who perished miserably by reason of his chariot having overturned in the race at the Isthmian Games.

But did Eurycrates buy the land and plant the trees?

No, for he had them as his patrimony from Hippocrates, his sire, who was devoted to swift horses, and much frequented the houses of the courtezans.

And Hippocrates, likewise, did he buy the land and plant the trees.—I hope I am not betrayed

into rudeness by my questions.

No, for Hippocrates also received the land from his father, Hypocrises, and as for the trees, Socrates, you know that they would not be set in the earth by the hands of gentlefolk, but by the hands of slaves, as is seemly.

Even so. But whence had Hypocrises the land in which to plant the olive trees?

It was not the fruit, but the transaction that was over-ripe.

Well, in truth, Socrates, that story does not smell sweetly to the nostrils, though I supposed it was known to every man in Athens, but few utter it aloud because the house of Hypocrises is held in high esteem by reason of its wealth and station; and then, too, it happened a long time since.

Dear me, what can the story be, Ariston? I am all of an itch to hear.

I will tell you, since it is clear that you do not know. Long before we fought against the

Great King, the earth in which now the olive trees grow was held by the deme, and was used by all the demesmen alike, but then Hypocrises seized it unjustly and put a fraud upon the people.

Heavens! what a shocking scandal. Can there be any truth in it?

That I cannot tell you, Socrates. But I can tell you that Pedagogus makes an open jest of the matter, saying that if it was a fraud once it is no longer of any moment.

Woe's me! Ariston. For now you have puzzled my poor weak head. For I remember that you said only a short while back: "How can an act which was evil formerly be good now?"

Did I speak so?

I am sure that you did.

Well, I said that you would presently be having me look like

a foolish fellow, Socrates, and so you have.

Nay, Heaven forbid! I do but seek to draw forth the wisdom that is in another. But tell me, has the land which was taken unjustly from the deme been restored to the demesmen?

Not so that a beholder might observe it.

And is the labor of picking the fruit done by Pedagogus, or by slaves?

By slaves, certainly.

Ariston is ap-
prised that it is
a poor verdict
which will not
work both ways.

And has this fraud which was shameful formerly ceased to be shameful now because those who were Archons when it was enacted are no longer Archons but are out of office and some of them are dead?

I do not see how that would change the matter.

Bravely spoken! I begin to think we shall come to the heart of the fig after all, if you will

but be patient with a quizzical old fellow who makes a nuisance of himself with asking questions of those who are good-tempered enough to humor him. . . . And now let us come to the other drachma, the one which is paid into the palm of Pedagogus each day at the Academe. Does that come out of the store of you, or of your father, Autocrates?

From my father, certainly. For I am not yet of an age to spend money of my own.

And does Autocrates mint that drachma out of silver which he digs from the earth?

Autocrates is a law-abiding citizen.

Absurd! For that is a shameful deed which the State punishes with banishment, and my father is a citizen who obeys all the laws of the State.

Then whence comes this drachma?

From my father's vineyards. For he sells his vintages to the Ionians who, of all peoples, can

tell good wine when they taste it.

And does Autocrates, then, pour the vintages into their bottles of goat skin, or tread the presses, or pluck the thickly clustered fruit?

No, certainly.

But who does these things?

The slaves whom he buys or whom he hires in the Agora and to whom he pays the just or customary rate of wages.

Then should we say that your father Autocrates brings the drachma from non-being into being, or the slaves?

I can see, Socrates, that you are spinning a web for me: none the less I must say that it is not my father who brings the drachma from non-being into being, but the slaves.

Cruel Ariston! To say that a web could be spun by a clumsy old duffer like me. You must be making game of me, and I am

not sure that I more than half like it. Howbeit, if your father Autocrates did pluck, and tread, and pour, would the drachma then be paid to Pedagogus by you or by him?

Ariston is certain of something

By him, surely.

But if you plucked, trod, and poured the vintages, would the drachma be brought from non-being into being by Pedagogus or by you?

By me. I am certain of that.

Again, if the wine you pressed were needful, along with such other drinkables and edibles, to keep life in the body of Pedagogus, and he had it from you for the drachma which you now give him to teach you that which he knows but which you do not know, should we say that Pedagogus lived by his own labor or by yours?

By mine, I think.

And if one day you should announce, "Go to! I no longer de-

and presently
exhibits the first
symptoms of
being class-
conscious.

sire to know that which Pedagogus can teach me," either because it might seem to you to be idle, or silly, or mischievous, or for some other reason, and you should no longer give him the drachma; and if, at the same season, the demesmen should take back from him the olive orchard which was fraudulently taken from the deme by Hypocrises in the days before the Great War, should we then say that Pedagogus lived by his own labor?

No, Socrates. For by Bacchus! Pedagogus would then not live at all; but he would surely die. For I could live without him, but he could not live without me.

Excellent, Ariston. And now I perceive that you speak not as a pupil of Pedagogus among his other pupils that are with him, but as a demesman among the other men of your deme.

Yes, I suppose that is so.

Yet you and your father Autocrates do not pluck the rounded fruit, and tread the presses, and pour the vintage?

No indeed: we have already agreed to that, Socrates: those things are done by the slaves.

Then if his olive grove were taken away from him by the deme, could Pedagogus live better without the slaves, or the slaves without Pedagogus?

The slaves would never miss Pedagogus, for indeed they have never so much as heard his name, or would be like to hear it if they lived to a great age. But they would have dried figs to eat and wine of the second treading to drink, enough to keep life within their bodies, long after Pedagogus had perished of hunger or fallen to work with his own hands—if, indeed, my father Autocrates paid the slaves their wage each day.

But if he did not pay it, what then?

Then they, too, would be like to starve, for they have nothing that they can call their own, not even their bodies.

Starvation, like charity, begins at home.

But here is a grievous case, surely. And most strange it seems. How can it be, my good youth? For have we not just said that if the slaves ceased to work, Pedagogus would starve, but now it appears that the slaves would starve if your father Autocrates did not pay them their wage each day.

Yes, Socrates; it does seem odd, does it not?

But would Autocrates starve if the slaves ceased to work?

Not so. For they have endeavored that. But my father Autocrates found other slaves with ease to do the same work for him at a less wage.

Yet if Autocrates could not hire other slaves for less, and

those slaves which he had would not work, would he then be like to starve?

He would be in a bad way, certainly.

**The riddle
which each
traveler must
answer or
perish.**

So Autocrates would starve if the slaves did not work, yet the slaves would starve if Autocrates did not pay them their wage each day. What a riddle is this, as sore as ever that which vexed the Thebans before that Ædipus who came to them on foot and a stranger answered the haughty Sphynx, and she ceased to devour those who could not answer, but desisted, and he that came on foot and a stranger remained to rule wisely and well over the city of Thebes, albeit the immortals stored a dreadful doom against him, for that, as the oracles say, they are jealous of men who are too great friends of man, and bring them to a miserable ruin in the end. . . . But good heavens! is my dæmon

tempting me into dithyrambics, or are you to think that I have been drinking rather too much at the feast of Hermes? . . . For who can give us the answer to this riddle?

I can, Socrates.

You?

Yes, for it is easier than you suppose.

I am devoured by my desire to know.

Autocrates is, it seems, a philanthropist

Know, then, that the vineyards, the wine-presses, and the bottles belong to my father, and not to the slaves; but he suffers the slaves to use these things that they, and not he, may not starve, but in order that he may pay them their wages. And so he is truly a friend of the slaves, and indeed of all men.

How clear it all is, Ariston! And your father Autocrates made the bottles, the presses, the vines and the land?

Ridiculous! You know that

the land was shapen by Zeus, captain of the immortals, and the vines were nourished by Demeter the sweet and awful Earth Mother, and as for the presses and the bottles, they were fashioned by artisans for my grandsire Theodotus, from whom my father had the patrimony.

And the artisans, were the bottles and the presses theirs before they were your grandsire's?

No. For they were the goods of Aristarchus, the merchant, who hired slaves to fashion them.

And that which your grandsire Theodotus gave for them, Ariston—you will suffer such a question from an old codger like me—how came he by that money?

Ariston defines legitimate business enterprise.

That, Socrates, is, in a manner of speaking, a family secret, the which, since it is by way of being no secret, I may tell you plainly. But in truth, there is no little doubt. For some say it came from selling wine to the

simple folk on the islands of the sea; and some say from seizing the bodies of blameless Ethiopians and fetching them in long ships over the pathless sea to sell their sleek limbs at the slave market in the Agora; and some say that it came from plundering the richly-laden ships of the Ionian and Phœnecian merchants as they ploughed the wine-dark sea, either in time of war, or even in times of peace. Or some will have it that it was from jewels of gold and rich stuffs plundered from the temples when our army sacked the cities of the Ægyptians. But all this, as you know, is not held a shame in a house of gentlefolk, because they are gentlefolk, and may do what the base-born may not do, and also because such things are no longer done.

Should not we say rather, Ariston, that such things are no longer done in that same manner?

Perhaps that would be more truly said.

And now we are as the fleet runner at the Pythian games, or at the Isthmus, for his race seems never so long nor the pain in his midriff never so dagger-sharp as just before he comes to the goal. Help me, therefore, Ariston, for I neither know nor profess to know anything of these matters: I am only just able to extract them from the wisdom of another, as my mother Phaenarete, the brave and burly midwife, delivered women who were got great with child. . . . Well, then, since Pedagogus has two drachmas, one from his olive grove and one from you, but both drachmas are fetched from non-being into being not by Pedagogus, but by the labor of slaves, and since if Pedagogus ceased to hold forth in the Academe the slaves would not perish of hunger, but if the slaves ceased to

The wild assertions of Democritus appear less wild.

toil with their hands rather would Pedagogus perish of hunger, must we say that Pedagogus is more necessary to the slaves or the slaves to Pedagogus?

By the dog of Ægypt! you are holding me up by the heel even as Thetis, the mother of Achilles, held her babe when she dipped him in the waters of Styx, for you are causing me to affirm that which but now I denied. Yet it is indeed as you say.

As *I* say, Ariston? But I do not say. I ask.

Well, then, since it is necessary to speak the thing, it is clear that Pedagogus is "squatting on the backs of the slaves," even as that loud fellow Democrates said.

Ariston would
alight from the
train of thought

Excellent youth! You have had a gleam. You are on.

Thank you, Socrates, but I think I prefer to get off.

Off the backs of the slaves, or off the train of thought?

Both, if you please.

I am sorry, Ariston, but that is a thing not possible to be done. That is what Pedagogus would do—ride two steeds, each of which is moving rapidly in a direction opposite to the other. Look at him. Do you wish to be seen in a posture like that?

but changes his
mind.

No, Socrates. I cannot honestly say that I do.

Then if Pedagogus were to speak in the Academe with mighty eloquence, exhorting all men, and especially you his pupils, to make less grievous the lot of the slaves and yet not bestir himself to dismount from the backs of the slaves in his own person, should we draw our lesson from his words or from his actions?

From his actions, I think.

Socrates ex-
pounds uplift by
bootstrap

And if this brawling fellow Democrates, or another of his stripe, should rebuke Pedagogus

as one who would elevate the slave by sitting on the slave's back and tugging at the sandal thongs of that same slave until he groaned again under the strain, and then if Pedagogus were to denounce Democrates as a cheat and a liar, should we hold that Pedagogus spoke truly?

No, by Dionysus! for it would be Democrates that spoke truly.

But if Democrates spoke truly and the Archons, nevertheless, loaded his limbs with chains and thrust him into a dark dungeon because of the complaints of Pedagogus and the other sophists that are with him, and if, as is likely, the Archons of the next year, or of several years after, were to learn that Democrates had spoken truly and to release him and hold him in great esteem, would that not be to the utter confusion of us all?

It would be awkward, certainly.

and how posterity may reverse verdicts.

Then if Democrates speaks truly, should we not rather listen to Democrates and do as he bids us do?

But to do that, Socrates, it would be necessary to give up many things which we now enjoy, perhaps even the Academe itself.

Yet would it not be better for us to live truly than to enjoy those things which prevent us from so living?

That would be better, surely; but it would be very painful.

Ariston is made
obscurely aware
of a leisure-
class culture

Yet which is better, Ariston, a smaller pain now that we may live truly, or a greater pain by and by from having lived falsely through the enjoyment of those things which it is unjust to enjoy?

It were better to bear the smaller pain, certainly. One must see that. But how could Pedagogus then go on discoursing of gymnastic, music and

philosophy when it would be clear to us and to him that these things are not true arts of life, but false; not just, but unjust; not good, but evil?

Nay, but, Ariston, now you are putting questions to me, and, as you know, I cannot answer: I can only ask others. And so I ask this: Would it not be better, and braver for Pedagogus to learn the truth from Democrates and teach it, if he can, to the youth of Athens in the Academe?

But to do that, Socrates, it would first be necessary for us to do a part of that work which is now done by the slaves.

Very well. And if both you and he did a part of that work which is now done by the slaves, would not you learn many useful and good and true and beautiful things which you do not now learn from Pedagogus in the Academe?

and a new planet
swims into his
ken.

That may well be.

But if you did not, would not you be doing that which is more noble than learning well, which is living well?

It may be as you say.

Which, then, shall we hear and have to teach us, Ariston,—for in truth I see that you are a right noble youth and well become your name which is, Of The Best,—shall we hear and have to teach us Pedagogus, who speaks by the card, eloquently, it is true, but withal falsely in many matters of great import, because if he spoke truly he must needs change his life: or shall we hear and have to teach us this rude fellow Democrates, who speaks uncouthly, like the Bœotians, it is true, but who speaks truly, none the less, and not only that, but he lives the truth which he speaks.

Socrates, why have you uttered these things to me? You

have filled my soul with anguish.
I would live truly, and it is a
grievously hard thing to do.

What Every Student Knows

So much for the oracle. And now, if you question the proposition that our colleges are dominated by class influences, you are under no necessity of accepting anybody else's say-so for it. You are tripping over the evidence every time you step outside your study door. Let me ask you to analyze certain occurrences as familiar to you as the clank of the chapel bell, but which, while you lack any standards of social criticism, remain hardly more intelligible to you than the notation of a symphonic score to one ignorant of musical theory. We have consulted the oracle. Now consult your own experience.

You will recall the secret pang, half painful, half pleasant, of the discovery on your first vacation visits home that you were, as you supposed, outgrowing your old companions of childhood and high school days. If you did not conceal this as a guilty secret, then, in mutual confession with some other classmate undergoing the same estrangement, you made

of it the merit of having attained your intellectual majority.

Next, to your horror, you discovered that this intellectual maturity, as you took it to be, had begun to whisper that the parents who had worn old clothes in order that you might attain it were, after all, rather common and mediocre people. At this point, your tribune instincts of decency and loyalty advanced to the door of the senate chamber and shouted "Veto!" The result was that the question was tabled. If it had come up for debate, you would have been forced to ask yourselves the awkward but illuminating question whether this sense of superiority was intellectual at all: whether it was not, on the contrary, an insidious sense of social superiority, masquerading as intellectual superiority through the accident of having been contracted by association with an intellectual leisure class which lives on the bread-labor of others.

At the same time, you began to experience a peculiar constraint in your relations with people innocent of any acquaintance with Homeric dialect. (Oh, I am well aware that these little comedies of the subconscious are denied by all but the shamelessly candid; but

they are perfectly familiar to us all.) No doubt you had departed for college firm friends with some worthy soul who earned his living by laying bricks or driving a dray. If that comradeship languished even during your vacation sojourns at home, as you will agree it could hardly help doing while you were subjected to academic influences, does it occur to you to question either an intellectual discipline or a social atmosphere capable of deadening you to the sweetness and soundness, the wisdom and the wonder of that common life of plain men and women who carry the burdens of the world on their patient shoulders?—Or were you startled by a fleeting surmise that the distinctions which severed you from them were petty and superficial—this revealed to you, perhaps, in the reflection of some flash from the fine humanity of your mother's sympathetic insight into others' lives, an insight vaguely envied by you even while you were impelled to question the calibre of a maternal mind which set value on such humble concerns?

These questions are neither agreeable nor polite. They are not intended to be. They are intended to set you exploring the secret closets of your minds that you may interpret

for yourselves deeds and thoughts which you and I would vastly prefer to leave lying there to decay in dust and oblivion. Guilty keepsakes are these which have been locked in the cabinets of our souls by the snobocracy of class-education. Now for the house-cleaning: later for the bath.

Do you recall that shock of puzzled elation at being for the first time addressed in class by a college lecturer with the urbane vocative, "Gentlemen,—" this as prelude to a scholarly discourse delivered in a tone which seemed deferentially to imply that Europe was your vacation playground, Otium your countryseat, and that your town house was on the Nabob side of the fashionable street in Dividendopolis? Also, that you owed it to yourself, even in college, to keep a few personal records for the future convenience of the biographers who would write the history of your Life and Times? And did you never detect in this the reflex of the habits and assumptions of an aristocracy of money debauching an aristocracy of brains?

The thrill which pealed drunken music into your head at your first personal contact with men whose names stand in gilt lettering on the

library shelves of institutions of learning—have you asked yourselves the meaning and consequences of that reputation-worship?

Analyze that smarting resentment betrayed by scholar and scientist toward a work-a-day (and working-class) world for its failure to comprehend and applaud their ideal pursuits. Does it occur to you that the actually shameful failure is the failure of these same scholars and scientists to comprehend and sympathize with the tragic plight of the multitudes of plain men and women forever debarred from sharing such ideal enthusiasms by the crushing fact of their industrial oppression? To disdain the working class for preferring "My Ragtime Sue" to Dr. Richard Strauss's "Heldenleben," when "My Ragtime Sue" is the best music the working class can buy, is a disparagement which certainly does not fall heaviest on the proletariat.

You can hardly have helped being puzzled and humiliated by the sterility of your colleges in creative-works of literature, art, and music. You must have asked yourselves why your professors discourse so learnedly of masterpieces and produce so few. As the limerick has it:

They know books by the sixes and twelves :
They rummage on library shelves,—
Though they criticize freely
I wager that really
They wish they'd produced them themselves.

Have you observed that those few graduates in whom the springs of the creative instinct do run strong and clear shun these bookish cloisters as they would shun evil companions, and seek their inspiration in the rich soil of common life?

Democracy, by Any Other Name

We have heard great argument about college democracy. "This college is democratic," argues the Dean at the alumni dinner, "as is proved by the following incident . . ." If the college is, indeed, democratic, then why this nervous ransacking of card catalogues for figures to prove that "this is not a rich man's college," and this fatuous pride that a lad who waits on table at the dining hall should have been folded to the stiff bosom of the fraternity which crackles loudest with aristocratic starch? What this anxiety of the colleges to be thought democratic most suggests is the sign of the real estate agent who advertised:

"Positively no misrepresentation."

A distinguished university president, full of years and honors, was admonishing his undergraduates:

Don't be scornful of the men of other colleges. When you are graduated, and find yourselves in a world of none-too-congenial men, you will be *mighty glad* to associate with other college men.

Now when extravagances of college loyalty and the natural pleasure of common intellectual interests have been conceded to the full, the astounding implication of this speech is not so much that men of different colleges should be scornful of one another at all, as that college men should form a special caste apart from other men. And with this the fat is in the fire. Here is an unconscious betrayal of the whole shocking fallacy of a leisure class culture.

Your education, which should level barriers, raises them.

Proofs multiply. The Nestor of college presidents is uttering counsel to a group of "picked" upper-classmen, appointed to act as shepherds of the people to the in-coming freshmen. To whom Nestor:

Introductions among 200 men have only a very superficial effect, for friends, as a rule, are few,—very few. The men who come to college are the “common run”; here and there among them, however, is a rare one. These meet and influence each other; and if all the work of the men gathered here to-night does nothing more than bring two such together, it will not have been wasted. Let the others get what they can.

As a sublime profession of faith in the Superman, this, it is respectfully submitted, should cause the late Friederich Nietzsche to pale his ineffectual fires.

But in the next it appears that the stand-patters cannot even stand pat. For another *præses*, to the visible embarrassment of his fellows, flatly repudiates the whole democratic ideal:

College education has been too democratic intellectually. We have dealt with the great mass and neglected the brilliant minority. We must make the college intellectually aristocratic. . . .

Without pausing to inquire how we are to frost a cake which consists wholly of frosting,

it may be remarked in passing that either college presidents are not very strong on team work, or else, copying that formula of obituarial eulogy inevitably employed for celebrated snobs (that the deceased was "very democratic"), these gentlemen understand democracy to mean the trait of being agreeable to people in your own set.

When a venerated graduate, on an historic occasion, exhorting undergraduates to generous ideals of sportsmanship, argues: "Yale is not base. Princeton is not vile," examine for yourselves the implications of such language. Yale base? Princeton vile? Whoever imagined that they were? Hm! . . . Well, underneath that jocular banter of men in other institutions which passes for "college spirit" what candid college man will deny that there is an intensity of partisanship which is next door to rancor? So much as between Studentdom and Studentdom. As between Studentdom and Philistia, this "college spirit" is replaced by a haughty "class spirit," not in the undergraduate sense, but in the genuine proletarian sense of that term, which has made the standing feud between Town and Gown an international tradition.

A Class Unconscious of Class-Consciousness

When a citizen not of our college set is designated as a "cad" or "mucker"—terms vary: the spirit which invents them does not:—when we are besought not to esteem our collegiate rivals base and vile; when our own college is stratified into four classes, each a bundle of separate rivalries, and each class is subdivided into social strata of fraternity and non-fraternity men; when the fraternity men are further dissevered into hierarchies, archangels above angels,

"Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Powers,"

whilst within the fraternity house itself is disputation as to who sitteth on the right hand and who on the left, why waste more time wondering that a college education teaches young men to look at life through the wrong end of the binoculars?

Even those of you shrewd enough not to have been beguiled by that sonorous welcome to "the fellowship of educated men" into supposing that your education was a chapter closed

by the degree of A. B. will find that it requires from two to four years to discard this excess baggage of aristocratic prejudice. And many if not most of you who do not have the good luck to have your noses rubbed in the dirt by the necessity of earning your own livings may lug that fools' burden on your backs to your journey's end. Thus it is that the colleges are grinding out that most absurdly class-conscious of all classes—a class not even conscious that it is class-conscious.

On the chance of there being a lurking doubt in your minds that education has been captured by the same malign power which is enslaving children in the Southern cotton mills and slaughtering millions to gratify its international greeds, let me ask you to examine some evidence about which you know more than your faculties of arts and sciences know—evidence harvested from the athletic fields.

You have to remember, of course, that your educational curriculum was shaped in a century which confidently expected to save society by a gospel of culture, and that it has survived into a century when that culture, so far from being able to save society, is hardly able to save you who have the money to buy it. How,

then, can the college pretend to maintain a culture apart from and superior to that of the capitalist society whence it derives its support? Observe how pathetically this culture is breaking down inside the very campus gates.

The Double Curriculum

You, who have had to face the not-to-be-sneezed-at humiliations and perplexities of that social lottery, the fraternity system, have doubtless noticed that apart from class politics, family pull, or the accident of personal charm, these societies do base their choice on some rough general classification of ability. You have probably also noticed that in the smaller colleges you are usually chosen early in the course on the strength of what you are likely to achieve for the glory of the institution in general and the glory of your hush-brethren in particular; but in the larger colleges, where the greater supply of desirables lessens the demand for candidates, you are chosen somewhat more on the strength of what you have already achieved. Hence the "shingles," cups, medals, and oars, suspended on your study walls as trophies of that getting ahead in the academic

world which goes by the discreet euphemism of "doing something for the college."

Just as the stampede of underclassmen into courses in government and economics—class-government and theory-of-exploitation economics—has fetched a wail from the Department of Classics that "the bottom has dropped out of Greek," so you have an exactly similar stampede for an exactly identical reason out of the prescribed curriculum into one of your own fashioning—a substitute or parallel curriculum of athletics, debating, class politics, journalism, and executive and managerial ability. This secondary curriculum was not formulated by you consciously. It grew quite naturally out of your instinctive sense of the gap between the prescribed studies and the demands which would be made on you when you undertook to earn your livings; and this, please notice, even when more liberal institutions were limbering up their courses by an elective system in order to create, if possible, such a voluntary curriculum within the pre-existing prescribed curriculum.

The electives came too late to save a split which was, indeed, bound to come anyhow. And it continues to widen, with grotesque re-

sults. It is, for example, known to be the case in more colleges than one that the student elected into the Phi Beta Kappa Society (once the gloria-in-excelsis of undergraduate ambition) however piously he may profess to prize the distinction, and however genuinely he may do so in his secret heart, now, none the less, feels himself bound to excuse this elevation to his managerial brethren by confiding apologetically that he had never gunned for Phi Beta Kappa but that the honor was unexpectedly thrust on him. This, not because he is a hypocrite, but because both he and his fellows have a mute but none the less vivid sense of the archaic futility of everything which the Phi Beta Kappa Society stands for.

Thus it is that the question commonly asked about a man in college is not "What does he study?" but "What does he do: run, edit, row, debate, or manage a team?" For every hour you give to the prescribed curriculum, you probably give two if not three to that voluntary curriculum known as "college activities"; and you give them far more willingly out of a definite even if obscure sense that they have more to do with preparing you for the duties of after life. What is more, you

enjoy these tasks more keenly than any you have ever undertaken before or are likely to undertake again; first, because they are voluntary; and second, because all you are expected to do is your best, and regardless of results, your personal bills are certain to be paid—all of which is precisely the spirit which socialistic organization is designed to put into industry—the joy of work, liberated from material anxieties.

Yet so innocent are your helmsmen of this new science of navigation, so oblivious to the cross-currents of class reactions and commercial jostlings which vex the waters through which they steer, that it is possible to hear a college president lamenting in print that “as many students in American colleges are being demoralized by the automobile as by alcohol.” He suggested as a remedy “greater co-operation (word-of-all-work) between college faculties and parents,” quite oblivious to the serene class pride with which these same parents contemplate their sons’ exploits with both automobile and alcohol as befitting the station of life which they are called to ornament. On the acumen of an educator so ignorant of the class structure of our industrial feudalism as to dis-

cuss such social phenomena in his own laboratory without referring them to their obvious class causes I need not more particularly dwell, especially since the colleges have pitched a side-show tent of the Voluntary Curriculum which is daubed all over with the signs of their propertied-class influences and their commercial class invasion in letters of glaring hue and ghastly legibility. This tent is the competitive industry of intercollegiate sport.

Mens Nulla in Corpore Sano

War is the sport of kings: sport is the war of a leisure class. The poor enjoy both their war and their sport in the earning of their daily bread, and precious lively and dangerous it can be, too. But the leisured, needing some antidote to the constant temptation to over-eat; craving, likewise, some distraction from the strain of striving, in the absence of any super-personal concern, to keep their minds off imaginary woes, resort to a form of voluntary labor at which they cheerfully work like slaves. Not a few succeed in convincing themselves that this refuge from social usefulness and serious thought is not only pleasurable as an opiate but a laudable life-work into the bargain.

They have, in short, made an end in itself of a pursuit which is, among more intelligent people, a somewhat subordinate means. This gospel of sport-for-sport's-sake is a by-product of a leisure class. It betrays a social stratum possessed of more time and money than brains. That this sportsmania should be imitated with such enthusiastic fidelity by the youth of every American college which does not expressly legislate against it is too shrewd a betrayal of how college communities reflect the tastes of a leisure class to require more specific comment.

When, however, I speak of college students as a leisure class, I do so acutely realizing that no place on earth provides more attractive spots for loafing and less time to loaf in them than a college town. By leisure class I mean merely a class with leisure to do what every sensible person would do if permitted by a rational organization of industry—cultivate his mind, his body, and the finer issues of his social relations.

That you college youths cultivate your bodies with an assiduity compared to which the temper of Spartacus was effeminate and the dying Gaul's a doom justly incurred by a break in training I am not so rash as to deny. That

you cultivate your minds even in the orthodox academic sense I am not so certain. That you cultivate those finer social instincts when, as we have seen, you are hardly aware that the age-old struggle for human liberty has burst out in a new quarter, I am hardly prepared to maintain. But one thing you do cultivate with a thoroughness and a splendor which would have reduced the late P. T. Barnum to a pulp of despairing envy—and that is an advertising agency.

When the newspapers allot more space in the aggregate to school and college sports than to a Presidential campaign, a steamship disaster or a society scandal; when the vicissitudes of an athlete's career from grammar school to college commencement are chronicled with an exactitude which, if devoted to a second-rate artist or professional man, would not only make his fortune but stimulate him to the production of first-rate work; when the copy desk shelves the despatches from a European chaos comparable to nothing since the Napoleonic campaigns to give the front page to a college football game, such monstrous disproportion may distress the sensibilities of the trustees,

presidents and faculties, but as stewards of a costly plant with heavy operating expenses they can hardly afford to ignore the value of a volume of unpaid advertising which mounts into dizzy figures.

When, likewise, the police call out reserves; the railroads sidetrack routine traffic; hotels hoist distress signals; garages rent abandoned stables; palpitating damsels spend in two days the price of a working-class family's winter coal; and street railways construct special tracks, all in order that 40,000 overfed and underexercised adults may strain eyes and lungs watching twenty-two undereducated and overtrained students . . . enjoy . . . an afternoon's exercise, we may be still at some remove from the circenses of decaying Rome, but, considering the interval, perhaps not so far after all.

Athloot Versus Æsthoot

But the upshot of it all is that the professional showmen are quite naturally complaining that the colleges have gone into the circus business, and that if it keeps on they will not be able to compete. Of course, to the colleges

themselves this suggests the painful query whether the side-show has not swallowed the main tent.

College after college builds its colosseum, each more ponderously elephantine, more arrogantly scrawled over with the follies and extravagances of a pseudo-educated plutocracy than the last; until, when one attains a size capable of accommodating the entire standing army of the Republic in its arena, the scandal grows so gross that even the editorial critics of the New York capitalist press—who can see the absurd injustice of the wage system when it injures men of somewhere near their own class—begin to hint that the universities might profitably economize on stadia thereby to increase the stipends of their notoriously underpaid professors. To expect the faculties, however, to prohibit a spectacular sportsmania which stultifies even a class-conception of education and drags even class-standards of learning as well as of sportsmanship through gladiatorial gridiron mud is to expect the foremen in a rolling mill to compel the stockholders to install safety appliances. Faculties and foremen do not control the industry: they are employees.

This unholy alliance between campus and commercialism—a reflex of that still less holy alliance between college and capitalism—has enmeshed the intercollegiate playing fields with a comically elaborate web of secret diplomacy and international law in which the least breach, accentuating the commercial inequalities of the competing colleges, kindles a furious controversy which exposes the system in all its sordid absurdity. Not an intrigue is lacking of those whereby we are wont to detect an illicit union between politics and business; here, educational politics and athletic business.

Amenities of Commercial Sport

A university president, stung by the scandal of \$300,000 taken in as the gate receipts of a single football season (at a rival institution), recommends dispensing with the paid coach. This proposal, though certainly not very radical, is instantly resented by the smaller colleges. One asks how an undergraduate captain can engineer this complex industry in the triple capacity of actor, manager and press agent, while all the time obliged, as the price of being permitted to indulge in this vicarious recreation, to maintain a reasonable standard of scholar-

ship by way of keeping up the pretense that studies are the main business of his college life and thus saving the face of his Alma Mater. This was not, to be sure, the way *præses* phrased it. What he said was:

How can a crowd of young men be taught the game of football with its present intricacy by an undergraduate captain, who must play his own position well and at the same time maintain his classroom standard in order to be eligible to play at all?

Another college objects that the paid coach "cannot be suddenly eliminated without doing violence to college games"—the neatest possible paraphrase of the capitalist shibboleth that "so-called remedial legislation tends to upset business," besides acknowledging the status of the paid coach as a vested interest. The droll suggestion that the paid coach "should not strive to win games at all costs" innocently overlooks the likelihood that if he did not he would presently be looking for another job. One notoriously sport-besotted college advanced the cautious proposal (quite in the vein of international disarmament) that if they all discharged their paid coaches at a given signal no one competitor would suffer. This evoked from

an even more naïve diplomat an indignant protest that such universal disarmament would penalize small colleges which cannot draw unpaid coaches from a body of well-to-do alumni of the commercial or professional classes who are recompensed for their time and energy by the free advertising they get in the newspapers. After this it only remained for an inspired graduate manager to propose, as one did not fail to do, that a portion of the side-show gate receipts be used to defray the expenses of the main tent.

Not to dwell on the employing genius displayed in this suggestion that the concern pay a share of its running expenses by maintaining a side-show in which the actors pay liberal tuition fees for the arduous and often dangerous privilege of appearing, I review this controversy merely to show how the instant you betray them into discussing their affairs "on a sound business basis" the colleges fall, one after another, into the jaws of this deadly commercial analogy.

For if athletics are a sport, why all this haggling? The answer is: They are not a sport. They are an elaborately organized industry. If intercollegiate contests were a

sporting proposition, defeats would not matter. As it happens, they are a business proposition, and defeats do matter very much indeed. It is common gossip on the backstairs of Studentdom that a venerable but small New England college, smarting under its occupancy of a seat at the second table, flatly resolved to snatch a seat at first, and actually did so in the popular estimation, by a cynically deliberate policy of playing for athletic supremacy. To be sure, this imposture failed to humbug the learned; but the institution did treble its enrollment with a magic as of patent medicine advertising.

Finally, this burden of competitive publicity has slipped downwards until now it has begun to weigh also on the shoulders of the secondary schools. Not only are they subjected to an unseemly invasion of athlete-fanciers on the watch to corral the likely yearlings for the college herd, but the competition among themselves is gradually forcing them to employ paid coaches as well.

All of which may explain why more than one "hero of the gridiron"—to cull a phrase from the Straight Dope For Sport Fans—has privately confessed his detestation of the physical drudgery and his abhorrence of the loud-

mouthed newspaper publicity of his athletic exploitation by his college, adding that he would probably not endure it, even for the sake of election to college clubs, if he had not good reason to believe that the same clique of sports-maniacal graduates who back their Alma Mater as they would back a Kentucky mare will, in consideration of his actual commercial value to the college in athletic advertising, feel in duty bound to back him also in his quest of a job.

Pasteboard Olympus

And now since you know the visage of the barker who bawls the bally-hoo of the side-show, you may be able to recognize him when he snaps his whip as ringmaster of the main tent.

These academic bowers are, you understand, a sacrosanct demesne, dedicate to the pure and holy flame of scholarship, remote from the sordid catch-as-catch-can-can of a commercial universe. Procul, O procul! Here, for once, we are above material considerations.

Are we?

In those days just previous to Commencement when dread of the world's rough-and-tumble set you considering whether you might

not shun the ordeal by staying on in this placid haven to mark themes, what induced you to reject that line of least resistance? Did you recall the instinctive contempt exhibited by older graduates who had given and taken blows in that outer world, for classmates of theirs who had remained behind to teach? To you the issue may have appeared to be that between courage and cowardice. Perhaps you associated it with that indulgent condescension similarly displayed by men of affairs from the elder classes toward old school-fellows of theirs who are now the saints and sages whom undergraduates delight to honor—a condescension by which you have been both puzzled and pained. Does it occur to you to associate this with the instinctive contempt of the financier for the politician or the journalist, a sentiment originating in his knowledge that the politician or the journalist is obliged to dance when finance calls the tune? You may thus apprehend the underlying bread-and-butter dependency of every god and hero in this ante-chamber of Olympus on that vulgarian world which is footing the bills. Laura Murdock, whom you will recall as the unfortunate young woman in Mr. Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way," while

stoutly determined to preserve her own honor, entertained no scruples against accepting money earned by her friend Elfie on the primrose path.

Museums of Mummified Hobbies

If the commercial standards of capitalism have not invaded these sacred precincts, why is it that instructors admittedly neglect their teaching—indeed, are often encouraged by the college authorities to neglect it—for cross-country races in book-writing, designed, in theory, to redound to the honor and glory of Alma Mater, in practice, to advertise her wares? An institution founded to educate the youth of the nation which subordinates that primary task of instruction to the secondary task of authorship and research may produce impressive results in abstract science, but if this is done at the expense of the human values of the primary task, we are justified in asking whether a “pure research” which neglects the human laboratory for the chemical laboratory may not be, as regards the needs of the community, pure nonsense. Such transactions are no novelty in a barbaric budget which spends hundreds of thousands to excavate archeological mummies when the children of our slums

are becoming subjects for embalming at the rate of 300,000 a year. For while the ostensible business of a college is to instruct youth, its actual business is quite as often to enable under-humanized and super-educated pedants to indulge any extravagant investigative whim which they can flatter an ignorant capitalist into financing. The consequent deterioration of actual teaching is, of course, lessened by the divorce of the subjects taught from the realities of life, but this, in turn, tends further to confuse the issue and to postpone the remedy.

That economic pressure should require this research work and book-publishing in the way of university advertising is no scandal, unless the universities choose to regard it so. It pays to advertise,—that is sound commercial dogma, subscribed to by every enterprise from soap factory to Indian remedy. Shame at being discovered in the act of performing menial duties is the symptom of a soul which feels itself above its station. Gentlefolk who are being supported by rich relations should have the grace not to blush because their relatives have disgraced the family name by being “in trade.”

Grades Degraded

And now the trail of the Beast winds into the class-room.

You are asked to consider an elated bewilderment which was yours on receiving a passing mark in some course of which you were perfectly well aware you knew too little to be able to flunk intelligently. This mark you were unable to explain except on the hypothesis that your instructor was a dunce or a philanthropist—whereas you had abundant evidence that he had never hitherto proved himself to be anything so stupid or so amiable.

Apply the bread-and-butter test and watch results.

An instructor has spent four months endeavoring to teach the rudiments of some not very momentous subject to a roomfull of rather less than interested youth. That the majority of them were not more keen on learning was perhaps no fault of theirs. Mostly they were there not from any thirst for knowledge; but rather because their own and their parents' social position demanded that they be decorated with a college degree which was furthermore, as I have explained, credited with

some mysterious potency to get a job and raise wages.

So there is, to begin with, no guarantee of incentive to that grim joy of intellectual mastery. If the instructor flunks the lot, which he knows it would be equally his duty and his pleasure to do, their failure casts a slur on his teaching ability and may compel him to seek another appointment. His study is, therefore, to contrive a set of examination questions which shall look formidable to the mere lay mind and be sufficiently general to allow any student with an elementary knowledge of the subject to write something at least intelligible. Nobody but the instructor reads these pathetic performances, and he, sour as the cud may be, has the best of reasons for swallowing it in silence. But since the whole scheme of testing is so indefinite, it not infrequently happens that he awards a grade higher than the writer of the examination book is conscious of deserving, and thus you get these flattering marks which stultify all the portentous pretenses of severity, and make you feel that by some process obscurely attributable to your natural genius you have managed to beat the game;

whereas the fact is that there never was a game, but only a feint at one.

It will be clear to you that such a system could not endure a week in a curriculum which was training men to perform definite tasks in practical life, and as a matter of fact it does not. The technical schools are comparatively free from this charlatanry because their graduates must practice accuracy to the last decimal. If they do not, the investigating commission will demand to know why the building collapsed, and trace the fault eventually to the doors of the institution. The reputation of a technical school rests on the ability of its graduates to do what they know. The Bachelor of Arts is under no equivalent compulsion to know because what he is learning he is rarely if ever called on to do. Whether he masters his economics, government, botany, history of fine arts, Elizabethan drama, Victorian literature, Greek tragedy, and Latin satires nobody knows or cares because none of these subjects, entertaining and even delightful as they may be to study, has any vital bearing on what will be expected of the majority of those who study them when they come to earn their livings. That the

standard of scholarship should, under these conditions, relax is about the least surprising thing in the world, especially as a reputation for leniency in these matters tends to commend a college to that numerous body of sons of the moderately well-to-do whose social status demands the academic degree as aforesaid. This they naturally prefer to get with as little exertion as possible; and since it is on them that the colleges must largely depend for keeping up those numbers which, in the undergraduate department, constitute its chief asset for athletics and advertising, you get the slackened standards which promote this result. And this, be it noted, reacts injuriously on even the technical schools because it relaxes academic competition and thus lowers the standard all round.

When the Tune Changes

That you may judge for yourselves whether this proposition proves backward as well as forward consider that in the graduate departments—especially in the professional schools—the tendency is exactly reversed, because here the university is training men to do specific tasks on their competency to do which the repu-

tation of the institution must rely. Hence the bread-and-butter wisdom of the situation is to take no chances, and in the graduate departments of a weather-wise university you may be sure no chances are taken. Stiff is the pace and ruthless the weeding out. For the elimination process which would be commercially ruinous if practised in the undergraduate department, where reputation depends on sheer numbers, has, in the graduate department, suddenly become commercially profitable, because here reputation depends not on numbers but on the supreme excellence of each human unit. A great university is known in the intellectual world by the eminence of its faculty in research work: the scholar's glory sheds a ray on that institution which is his employer. But with the general public the reputation of a university is in direct ratio to its success in athletics. So here we are once more at the economic reasons for large undergraduate departments with a sleazy standard of instruction and smaller graduate departments with standards rigidly exacting by contrast. In Europe, Johns Hopkins is known for its excellence in research; and Yale, Harvard and Princeton chiefly for their football and rowing. Whether

it is a mere coincidence that the technical schools which prohibit all but the minor sports should so often be superior in standards of scholarship to those whose association with academic departments permits their students to engage in the major sports I may leave to you to judge.

For the immediate point to grasp is this compulsion of the colleges, under commercial pressure, to play the game of fast and loose with the teaching for which your parents pay. The question is not whether they give you honest measure. The question is whether they can afford to give you honest measure. After which it becomes a question whether the measure, honest or dishonest, contains wares which are of any earthly value to you provided you are not destined on a first-class passage through life on the backs of the working class. Even those who con the stately odes of Æschylean tragedy with genuine delight, and lift a reverent taper on the metaphysical glooms of speculative philosophy confess with a candor about in proportion to their contact with life's bread-and-butter realities that this leisure class culture is of no direct value to them until they have subjected it to the test of indirect value

by pitching it all overboard on the chance of fishing back such parcels of it as may later prove relevant. As for him who acquires scholastic proficiency in the pathetic delusion that it is something which he will be able to sell in open market, I can only remonstrate with the college that it is a shame to take his money.

Arms and the College Man

When all signs fail, consult the war cloud. If the college could establish an alibi on every other charge of complicity with capitalism, there would yet remain this one on which it stands convicted by deadly self-accusation—militarism. Convenient as it may be for pleas of a previous engagement, as a working arrangement the policy of a college not to commit itself on "current political and economic questions" is not possible. Consciously or not, a college does so commit itself a hundred ways every day of the academic year, and as its entangling alliances counsel that this be done as furtively as possible, the spirit of evasion thus bred commonly results in the college committing itself to the wrong side.

It is not for an instant suggested that this

evasion is conscious. How it is unconscious and why will presently appear.

In the pronouncements of faculties and presidents we have, for a few years past, been regaled with this recurring dictum: "What we need at this time above all else is *clear thinking*." Exactly what "clear thinking" is we wait long and vainly for these gentlemen to define. And the apparent immunity of the learneds themselves from that quality of thought has prompted a few radicals to go grailing for this desideratum of the age. The first fact which rose and smote them between the eyes was that these academics are supposedly a thinking class placed in the untenable position of apologists for the ills of that property-system which maintains their institutions of learning. No one pretends that they are so stupid as not to see, if they dared face it, the cruel paradox of their position. But the logical consequence of facing it leads to conclusions—such as that the colleges should acknowledge their dependence on the working class and conduct themselves accordingly—which are to them unthinkable. Hence they reject the fundamental fact of all and are thus obliged to begin their reasoning from the as-

sumption that capitalism is a necessary evil, and not even necessarily an evil. And thus begins that bacchanalian orgy of fallacies enunciated by academics with all the solemnity of hierarchs—fallacies which alternately stun a radical or excite him to the liveliest raptures of sardonic glee. “Clear thinking” is thinking which will excuse the break-down of the present social order and save our scholarly faces with a hungry multitude which shouts, “Bread! and the end of these brabbles.” Also, the reason our academic souls so yearn for this guerdon year after year is that in the whole realm of mind and matter it is not to be had on such anomalous terms.

Meanwhile, young people marvel at the sorry showing made by our faculties and presidents as thinkers when they address themselves to “current political and economic questions.” They are dazed to hear some ragged tyro of the soap-box put their great academic gods utterly and unmistakably to rout, and what is more, do so with that grim humor which is an unfailing token of conscious intellectual mastery. The simple reason is that the soap-boxer has got one or two fundamental facts right, and that the college president has been obliged by his re-

sponsibility for an institution to get the same one or two fundamental facts wrong. Granted an acceptance of capitalism, the conclusions drawn by these subsidized apologists of capitalism are sound and shrewd. But viewed in the merciless glare of industrial oppression, the same conclusions wear a distortion of the wildest grotesque.

Such is the lens. Armed with it let us examine the prevailing attitude of the colleges toward the "current political and economic question" of armaments.

Change the Label

Democracies have inveighed lustily against a spirit easily seen to be incompatible with their ideals—the spirit of militarism. As dutiful wardens of at least a theoretical democracy, the colleges have chimed into that denunciation with a will.—How militarism is a bastard child of capitalism, begot of the once-noble spirit of nationalism, we have already seen. Diplomacy has legitimized the bastard-born under the name of Imperialism, but the colleges, if this bit of genealogy is known to them, do not betray that knowledge in their public utterances,

it may be from a fore-scent of the radicalism which they would be thus let in for. So their dilemma is most awkward. Obviously, militarism and democracy do not keep house together. Then ho! for some tasteless capsule to enclose the dose which democratic stomachs reject. . . . We have it,—“Preparedness!” This term is not, we admit, ideal; for European experience has given it an all-too-sinister exactitude; but on the whole it slips down more readily than militarism. So our position as colleges (with a notable exception or two) is this: We do not countenance militarism, but we strongly urge preparedness. That is, we must not be understood as condoning drunkenness; but we can really see no harm in a gentleman’s going on a quiet little jag in his own home if he so desires. Between reeling home from the saloon, and reeling from one’s own library to one’s own bed chamber there is, you understand, all the difference between—well, between being known for what you are and passing off as a reputable citizen. . . . We abjure the flesh of swine religiously; but that need not interfere with our enjoyment of a slice of frizzled bacon with our four-minute

eggs. After all, frizzled bacon is no more roast pork than preparedness is militarism; now, is it?

As specified, "What we need at this time is above all else clear thinking."—"What is clear thinking?—Thinking which dips us in a once-for-all or Stygian immunity bath.—Ask another."

This may explain why it is that our attacks of war fever afflict the youth of our colleges with peculiar virulence. When the war squalls begin to blacken and blow, it is the working class which can generally be relied on to keep the coolest head in the community because in this stratum there is already on the spread a sobering knowledge of the human and economic cost of war coupled with a shrewd suspicion that both wastages are paid for chiefly out of its own pay envelopes, and that the whole affair will be abolished as soon as the illicit alliance between capitalism and patriotism can be dissolved. But the heads of Studentdom, impetuous, irresponsible, inexperienced in bearing the actual burdens of human life, and, above all, ignorant, are correspondingly the hottest.

"Who Made You a King?"

And now to cases. Did we hear, during those four black days of the Vera Cruz affray in the spring of 1914, any discussions from the heads of the colleges of the underlying "political and economic questions" over which these States were being tempted into war—the land question, the religious imbroglio, the oil wells, the investments of foreign capital, the war lobby, and the Junker press in cahoots with a jingo investing class? If we did, those few protagonist voices were overwhelmed in the academic choral chant which vaped about "national honor" and maundered over "insults to the flag," veriest shibboleths of the man-in-the-street whom it is such a primary article of the college faith intellectually to disdain. What we did hear was a college president (as if not unmindful of recent challenges to his institution as renegade from the democracy and a pensioner of capitalism) assuring the community that the college would contribute its full quota of men, in sublime keeping with the proud and hallowed tradition of the past—precisely as if a manufacturer said: "This factory will contribute

its full quota of men, in sublime keeping with the proud and hallowed tradition of the past. Our sacrifice will take the form of sending our customers to the firing-line."

Customers at a shop for the private sale of education you undergraduates are. And this magniloquent avowal of academic fealty to capitalistic nationalism involved the assumption that he who signs the receipted bills of this learning-factory where you purchase education has the same moral right to consign your bodies to the deadly perils and your souls to the deadlier hatreds of Imperialistic war as the mother who conceived you in holy love, who bore you in holy anguish, and who nursed you through patient years of holy affection. Shops for the public dispensation of education which exact military service in return for that article drive a bargain still more sharp as long as national armies can be commandeered by capitalistic intrigue.

But you who have, almost without exception, been exposed to the chance of having had your lives flung on the foul dunghill of Imperialistic war through the persistence of a military tradition which capitalistic alliances have been largely influential in forbidding our

colleges to discard; you who might easily have caught the war fever without once comprehending its cause and cure; you who may yet contract it and perish in a trench, blown to shreds by a shell made in a factory which pays dividends into the pockets of your own patriotic countrymen, may profitably ask yourselves whether it is not about time to examine the texture and validity of an educational leadership capable of allowing you to involve yourselves in situation so foolish and so fatal.

Campus Junkerdom

We have, in North America, under the political guise of a Republic, a capitalistic oligarchy known as the United States. This national unit has shown that it responds to an incitement to war as promptly and as testily as any similar capitalistic-oligarchic nation of Europe. Send us an epidemic of war fever and the young men of our colleges are in a martial ferment which differs from that which they condemn in Prussian officers chiefly in that the Prussian officer knows his job and the American undergraduate scabbard-rattler does not. The spirit is the same. The skill is disparate. The common prudence of the situa-

tion would be, if intent on scabbard-rattling at all, to learn the military profession before adopting the military swagger,—or, better still, to eschew both swagger and profession. But your young American Junker, on the strength of Civil War and Revolutionary traditions (the latter not maintained in domestic affairs, by the way) conceives himself, quite on the British pattern, to be more than a match for three hypothetical foemen. That he accepts war, as the college accepts capitalism, in the light of a necessary evil, goes without saying. His is the very Jingo formula of doggerel derivation:

“We don’t want to fight,
But by jingo! if we do . . .”

And thus appears the absurdity of undergraduate pretenses to divine election for a leadership of those masses who are supposed to be hungry and thirsting for such a captaincy. For these masses have at least a working theory for the prevention of war, and a desperate determination not to let themselves be used for war-sops if they can help it; but the rank and file of college men have not even that—a fair specimen of the kind of leadership

they are qualified to accord—leadership at the tail of the cart.

Again, and emphatically, the fault is not yours; again, and still more emphatically, the fault is not consciously your instructors'. It springs from the abiding and central lie of college education—its debt of maintenance to a working class which it dare not, or, at any rate, does not acknowledge.

Blind in One Eye

With the faculties, this academic-military grotesquerie is chiefly intellectual. It exhibits itself in such wise as that, since the burst of this European hurricane, these intellectocrats, not possessed of any scheme of international polity which presupposes justice to the third or bottom class of society, have, after floundering for a season among pin-head technicalities of a sham international law, plumped for that brand of Imperialism least disturbing to their inherited prejudices, and have settled down cozily to a program of none too dignified abuse directed against this or that nation which is supposed somehow miraculously to have turned utterly barbarian over night. Diverting as this is to radicals as an involuntary exhibition

of the unconscious class-consciousness of the super-educated, it is a depressing exposure of the ignorance of the cultured. And the explanation is the simplest imaginable. Such theories of international polity as they may profess are based on an upper or ruling-class conception of society—an industrial oligarchy in a political democracy—or on an upper and middle-class conception at most; ignoring the one social fact on which rest all the others, the working class. Hence it is that these learned gentlemen discuss “current political and economic questions” of world war in language which betrays so unmistakably the capitalistic source of all war that, supposing it to be their intention to uphold the existing order, a radical can but marvel at the magnanimity with which they deliver the most formidable ammunition into the hands of their adversaries on the analogy of the dividends from the shrapnel factories aforementioned. The only solvent to his wonder is that since they have blinked the premise from which our whole blood-drunk pseudo-civilization begins, they are doomed to stumble blind-fold among its conclusions as well. Our social structure is based on capital. Capitalism requires arma-

ments to enforce its unjust decrees at home, to guard its investment-loots abroad, and to defend both from raids by capitalists of rival nations. Colleges depend on capitalism, whether publicly operated in a capitalistically organized State, or privately operated on the endowment plan. Is it then so strange that colleges should be found espousing the cause of national armament, mouthing the old pretexts of "national defense," and encouraging young men to imitate both performances?

"Your Duty to Your Country"

The foregoing is not to contend that the colleges, in issues of peace or war, armament or disarmament, should array themselves on this side or on that. Once their thinking becomes intelligently self-critical with reference not to one class or two classes but to all three, such matters can safely be allowed to settle themselves. The foregoing is merely by way of demonstrating how the reactions of the collective academic mind on supreme international issues are as purely and as instinctively prejudiced as the most vulgar yawp of that mob passion which the academic mind affects so fastidiously to abhor, and this because the guilty

fact of its own capitalistic support poisons the spring in which this whole stream of thought has its source.

For sedentary elderlies, long ago unfitted for military duty, this two-class-and-a-subject-class theory may be a venial offense, but for the thousands of young men under their instruction it is a blunder freighted with the possibilities of hideous mischief. There is not the slightest doubt but that were this nation to be plunged by its capitalistic alliances, interests, and control into this fury of Imperialistic fratricide, the college influence would be overwhelmingly for pitching you college men into the boiling vat with never a word of caution or explanation regarding the malign Game of Empire played with loaded dice over your heads by the grim *Parcæ* of international finance and Machiavellian diplomacy—powers which would use your patriotic ardor for cannon-fodder as cynically as it uses the submission of your working class brothers for mill-fodder under the plea of the wage system. All this would have happened in Mexico in the spring and summer of 1914 if an ex-college president ("ex" largely by reason of his having discovered and proclaimed matters kindred

to these) had not interposed his personal ideals between you and these man-devouring forces in a struggle which has probably shortened his life and lengthened yours. Nor is it safe to assume that even his pacific hand may not one day be forced by a concerted action of the capitalistic intrigue and jingomania which he has held so long in check. . . . "Your duty to your country?" Your duty to your country, my dear fellows, is to understand these things from the bottom up, and the small assistance which you are getting from your colleges to do so, is a reason for this attempt.

Enter the Compromise

There remains another discrepancy between college precept and college practice which proves endlessly fruitful of mischief in the later courses of you its graduates.

You remember the legend which the Spartans chalked up over the door of their gymnasium.

"Strip or depart."

That law of mental chastity I now bid you apply to yourselves. As Spartans their bodies. so you your minds: Strip or depart.

Your hot fits; your cold fits; your dread of

failure, more intense than any dread of hell hereafter, because, to the ambitious, conscious failure is present hell; that chance remark casually let drop reminding you of the chance you run of falling into the perdition of Nobodyhood—how it fetched cold sweat to your temples and hot tingling to your palms; the chagrin at the successes of others which ambition poisonously whispered should have been yours; your helpless rage at the discovery that fortune and reputation are cheats who play with loaded dice—why should I extend the catalogue? We all strip down to the same buff. We have all shivered under the same agues of personal ambition. There is no God but Getting-On-In-The-World, and College is his prophet.

Oh, not that the college ever said so. The college, belike, said exactly the opposite, loudly and often. But mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Mark how the frustration of that eternal compromise of our profit-and-loss civilization invades the Baccalaureate sermon itself as it is pronounced across the mahogany lectern of a hundred chapel pulpits.

The Official Baccalaureate

A commodity which goes by the name of Ideals is being quoted above par. The preacher, tremulous in his yearning over all this young, aspiring life, is passionately proclaiming what dire things will befall you if you forsake your ideals. More. He knows, and you do too, that every word he utters on that head is true: "Abandoned ideals take terrible revenges."

Now although you have been sedulously instructed that "success is not to be measured by material standards," all the same your own shrewd, youthful knowledge of the society which has reared you and sent you to school tells you in plain language that unless you "do as well as the next one" you must not, at class reunions, expect to come quite smug upon the mart. Theoretically, or sermonically, you understand, we are all for ideals. Practically, you have to remember, this is a wicked world, and "a man must use his common sense."

But how to reconcile the formal etiquette of an academic fencing match with the mortal combat of industrialism?

Accordingly, there is hot debate over a thing called Compromise. You must reject Compromise, then the world is yours and all that there is in it; and what is more, the kingdom of heaven also. All the Great Ones, you will observe, rejected Compromise. That is why they were great. At the same time, one must compromise "up to a certain point" because "without compromise society could not continue to exist,"—at least, not in its present always-room-at-the-top and devil-take-the-hindmost form.

Confess: while these earnest preachers are exhorting you to ride forth and splinter a lance with Wrong, you are secretly and nervously wondering whether Wrong (as understood in Baccalaureate sermons) can be induced to give you a job—which done, you can consider splintering the lance at your leisure, and, let me add, at your discretion. . . . Meanwhile reminding yourselves that the whole of modern life is a compromise, and that he who sets out to be strictly consistent must soon look like a fool or a fanatic,—in Respectaburbia the two are synonymous.

Thus you are in the heart of the modern compromise before you have left the chapel

pew—in the heart of it; but, please remember, not yet in the mind of it.

Dishonorary Degrees

For whose are the names which the college delights to honor? Jurist, diplomat, explorer, scholar, engineer, dramatist, educator, journalist, warrior, financier, politician, and (for what is an honorary degree among friends?) donor. This is, of course, to consider the transaction in its least dubious phase, quite ignoring the traffic in batches of Dishonorary Degrees which, if their eulogist Latin were to be translated with literal regard for the truth, would electrify commencement audiences with some such roster as this:

“. . . distinguished potterer.”

“. . . devoted explorer of the unimportant.”

“. . . skillful equilibrist of slack-rope statecraft.”

“. . . successful pilferer of great treasures.”

“. . . Napoleonic manipulator of financial panic.”

“. . . masterly exploiter of the human race,”

But even when these occasions do not unpleasantly suggest an undignified scramble of your Alma Mater into the band-wagon of resounding reputations: even when the conquerors who are accorded the triumph do not bear records, financial, judicial, official, which are none too savory even when judged by the standards of that vulgarian world whence they come lowing to be garlanded; are we to suppose that, even if the college did drag from his sublime obscurity some modern St. Francis who had given his life to an unpaid ministry to the oppressed, the example of such a life could compete with all this bronze-bellowing celebration of material success? Through four years you have been surrounded by the mute evidence that the college repudiates the ideals which it preaches. For whose are the statues on the campus; whose the busts in the lecture halls; whose the portraits on the walls of the college commons? The college can truthfully protest that it does not measure men by money alone, nor by intellect alone, nor by position alone, and certainly not by character alone. The system of weights and measures in which the college does put its faith is reputation. Picture the public ridicule of an

institution which would venture to award an honorary degree to someone—sage, saint or hero, though he might be—whose name was not even in *Who's Who*. The college does not register its fleet in the gross tonnage of "Success." As usual there is a genteel term for the sordid article. The college talks of prestige.

To inveigh against material success in a Baccalaureate sermon and, a week later, to crown with Olympian bays some "captain of industry" whose name is a stench in the nostrils of the masses, and this in a classic shrine hung with the trophies of men who have "arrived," is not the surest guarantee that a graduating class, directly it encounters the harsh challenge of a commercial world, will adhere unflinchingly to a lofty standard of altruism.

When, therefore, a distinguished college president, in his annual Baccalaureate, bestrides the issue in this amusing wise:

Gentlemen of the graduating class: The life of a strong man has two sides: the effort to find his place in the world in keen competition with his fellowmen; and the whole-hearted acceptance of his place,

when he has found it, as a trust to be used unselfishly,

it is meet to inquire whether this pious sop to "that many-headed beast we call the proletariat" were not more exactly if less discreetly phrased:

Gentlemen of the graduating class: The life of a slave-owner has two sides: the effort to own as many slaves as he can; and the whole-hearted effort, when he has bought them, to make slave-owning a trust to be used unselfishly.

Or, still more simply:

Gentlemen of the graduating class: Grab all you can at the start; and later, when you are collecting Rembrandts, shed your chromo-lithographs on a settlement house.

No Worse than the Average

I am very far from suggesting that all or most of the men in great place are scoundrels. They are quite astonishingly like you and me: and we know that we are not, let me say, worse than the average. What I am suggesting is that, like you and me, in their lucid intervals, all or most of the men in great place candidly acknowledge that there were episodes in their

upward scramble which they would like to forget, and that if there had not been, it is likely that they would be occupying stations several notches lower than those which they now adorn.

It is really quite simple. You are not expected to yield at all points. Yield on one or two at the start. And, for every point yielded, stress the others a little harder. Thus, if obliged to screw down the wages of several hundred of your fellow creatures with the truly deplorable result that two or three fathers of families hang themselves, square yourself with society by going in strong for a sweet, affectionate, stainless home life. Or, if forced to ruin a formidable competitor, build a library, found a philanthropy, or endow a chair of sociology. In fact, the attitude of modern society toward sex furnishes a pretty complete manual of conduct in this predicament. Pressed to compromise with your principles, pretend that no such pressure exists and that no compromise is going on, or, if it is, that you are no worse than anybody else; and you will be surprised and delighted at the cordial assistance which you will receive from all sides in keeping up the pretense.

Career-Mongering

Whimsical as are these professorial casuistries which would reconcile the irreconcilables—personal ambition and a “life of service”—so long as they are confined to the pulpit, when they are carried outside the college close they turn ruinous and tragic.

You are to succeed. That has been enjoined in a stentorian Song Without Words. But you are to succeed by rejecting the terms on which success is to be had. The instant you step, as you are bound to do, the day after commencement, from an intellectual oligarchy in which you are an aristocrat into an industrial despotism in which you are a helot, you will find yourselves stimulated to some of the nimblest political thinking and social criticism of your young lives. The world, including your Alma Mater, expects you to “make good.” The world, you discover, is none too fastidious as to how you do it, and from her failure to forewarn you of the sharp terms of this dilemma you begin to suspect, what the names of certain wearers of dishonorary degrees had already suggested, that your Alma Mater is none too fussy either. Fail, and contemptuous

pity is your portion. Succeed, and the red blasts of trumpets shall precede you in the streets. This is the map in crude colors. This is what everybody knows and nobody tells.

A class secretary relates in stark wonderment the request of a fellow graduate to be dropped for good and all from the records of his college. To him it is incomprehensible. To any one of those college graduates who, in the interregnum between commencement and their winning of some recognized position, have smarted and winced under their failure to "get ahead in the world," who have developed previous engagements at the time of class reunions, who have crossed streets to avoid meeting condescending classmates, such a request may sound more frank than mysterious. In rash bursts of confidence middle-aged graduates who have in one fashion or another flapped and clawed to perches of repute will confide how, in those first years after college, the slowness and uncertainty of their advancement made them sick at heart, poisoning their sunshine with the sour fevers of selfish ambition and haunting their pillows with the mocking imps of personal failure.

Consider, since know it you must sooner or

later, the tragi-comedy of that galvanized festival which is called a class reunion. Boys again! The old, glad irresponsibility; the affectionate fellowships; the generous encouragements; the hue of hope reddening once more over wan skies; the dew, the freshness, the bird-song, the glamour, the crisp, keen air of life's morning blowing clean and strong once again across the jaded years . . . thus the theory. In practice: quite as frequently a nervous and sensitive concealment of darns and patches; wary eyes as of rival charioteers alert to push into the front from the ruck of the race; a half-ashamed, half-brazen cross-questioning which strains the mother tongue to the uttermost confines of its elasticity for subtle shades of innuendo all for the asking of one blunt question: "How much money are you making?" That is, money as the cash equivalent of everything which a capitalistically organized community, the college included, expects of the college man in terms of position, reputation,—in a word, *prestige*. But although this game of blind-man's-bluff fills the souls of radicals (who alone realize what is going on) with the liveliest mirth, they are by no means indifferent to its darker side—the pathos

of bewilderment and heartache which it is intended to conceal.

For exactly here occurs the frightful spiritual waste of modern education: a false philosophy, breeding a false sense of failure. Career-mongering has wrought the mischief . . . I said that it would be quite simple: that you would only be expected to yield on one or two points at the start. The catch is that if you were given the right kind of ideals there never would be any parleys over yielding at all; it would be a fight to the finish between you and this our anarchical commerce-morality. For why should you yield? Because yielding is necessary if you expect to get on in the world. What if the college had taught you that about the last thing you were to do was get on in the world? What if the college had told you that *the great souls in any age are those whose anxiety is all that the big things be done—not that they be the ones to do them?* Careers? Why, careers might go hang, and Reputation use her press-notice to curl her hair. And you might then go serenely and joyfully to obscure but mighty tasks, unplagued by this everlasting gee-haw and pull-haul of ambition versus service, self versus society, materialism

versus idealism, capitalism versus socialism, which sours and all but nullifies half the best effort of what should be the brightest and bravest years of your god-like youth.

Belated Carlyle

To whet the irony, these institutions go on applying, in the dawn of industrial democracy, the out-worn standards of "an age that is past to an age that is waiting before." In a time when the whole conception of leadership has been democratized, the colleges are stodging along "training leaders" in the placid supposition that society is to be saved by a nineteenth century Carlylean "Aristocracy of Talent." In college parlance a leader is one who knows better what is best for the masses than the masses know for themselves. Social salvation is to be handed down from above. Gratifying as this conception may be to the vanity of the intellectual reach-me-downs, if they suppose it is any longer acceptable to the masses they betray an ignorance of what has been fermenting in the working-class cranium grave enough to put them instantly and completely out of court. The Bible of this gospel of aristocratic leadership is Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship,"

a book which fits our period exactly, if read backwards and wrong-side-up. Such a theory of leadership betrays, to begin with, either a profound ignorance or a stubborn misreading of history. For the generation of leaders from its own ranks shall be a sign unto all peoples that such a class is ripe for self-liberation. The true leader is an expression of the popular will: an instrument of the collective ideal: a sublime servant of the many: not imposing his will on theirs; but interpreting their will to them in its noblest aspirations.

If the competitive scramble of industrial life left us any reason to suppose that the educational equipment of these "exceptional men" would be employed for the liberation of their less fortunate fellows and not as an instrument for their further enslavement, we might excuse this snobbish and servile hero-worship as a species of bad manners surviving from a period in which such manners were considered good. Besides, the "exceptional men" theory assumes that the type of education here under discussion does equip its products to affect profoundly the life of the nation, and not to subsist on the labor of the working class in various professional and mercantile capacities and to

disport in the graceful enjoyment of an upper-class culture. But to be peddling an "Aristocracy of Talent" in an age when the main occupation of serious persons is picking up the pieces after just such an experiment here in America during a century of competitive individualism is an anachronism which would and should cost an archaeologist his job. The world has changed, and there is scant evidence in the conduct of the colleges to betray that they have heard of the event. Or, if they have indeed noticed the shocks of the social earthquake, they seem mainly intent on plastering up the cracks in their own classic porticos.

Always Room at the Bottom

The Platonic and the Christian ideals of leadership are one in this: that the test of fitness for the captaincy is reluctance to serve. And the only posts of service worth holding are those too thankless, too difficult, too dangerous, too unpopular to attract aspirants for the sake of any flattering honors which may accrue. The worth-while place is the place that goes a-begging. He who accepts such a post does so not at the behest of his personal ambition, but at the stern command of his self-respect.

To serve is painful. But not to serve is to suffer the more grievous pain of self-contempt. In its familiar form of national patriotism this idealism has been for generations exploited by governing classes to gratify their mercantopolitical spites, and misused by whole nations of plain people bedazzled by dreams of "national destiny" and obsessed by a chip-on-shoulder standard of "national honor." In its nobler form this ideal of service can be studied in the single-pattern biographies of the whole succession of prophets, every one of whom has been at bottom an internationalist.

The prophet beholds a fiery portent. A Voice bids him set his people—any people, all peoples—free. He makes excuses, like Moses. He tries to run away, like Jonah in the parable. He is fetched back to his task and sternly enjoined to do it. Finally, somehow, in wrastlings and anguish, in sweat of soul, he does it . . . Moses, Elijah, Isaiah, Paul, Luther, Cromwell, Garrison were radicals summoned to the desperate duty of interfering with the established order.

You will instantly see the eloquent difference between such a mission as this and that vulgar competitive scramble for worldling honors to

which you are encouraged by the implications of your college instruction. Competition for the duties of a Luther or a Lloyd Garrison is in exactly the reverse direction—of escaping them if we can. Hence, they are undertaken only by such men as are dragooned by a relentless conscience.

Which brings us to the one valid test of moral rank; or, if you will, "greatness."

Who Best Can Drink His Cup of Woe

It was the mother of Zebedee's children who came to Christ with the request that one of them might, in the "kingdom," sit on his right hand, and one on his left. Christ's answer was very simple—so simple that it does not appear to have been very well understood from that day to this:

"Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of?"

and

"To sit on my right hand and on my left is not mine to give."

Which is, being interpreted into campus vernacular:

"Can you stand the pace?"

and

“It is up to you.”

The other ten disciples, you recall, were moved with indignation against the two brethren not so much on the score of their presumption as for their having been the first to ask. Whereupon Christ reminded them that under the capitalist system of the Roman Empire the “great” were those who exercised authority. He added:

“But it shall not be so among you. But whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister: and whosoever will be chief among you, let him serve.”

There it is, staring us out of countenance after nineteen centuries of shuffling and evasion, and fortified with all the testimony of history that the only names worth remembering for their benefit to mankind are the names of those who heeded those tremendous words.

The voluntary acceptance of suffering on behalf of others: this is the ordeal, the test of moral rank. If we can endure it, no power can withhold that rank from us. If we cannot, no power can bestow it on us. The badge of this greatness is the ability to discard all badges of greatness. When a faith is a fiery

pillar to lead a people out of bondage, its high priests wear street clothes. When that faith has cooled and hardened into a creed, then its priests assume gorgeous robes to simulate spiritual grandeur. But gorgeous robes do not deceive him who has beheld the pillar of fire.

The Fool's Errand of Self

How came the colleges to foster this monstrous misconception of greatness—to deride the pillar of fire as a profane portent and to extol the gorgeous robes of temporal power? Their bread-and-butter dependency on the temporal power of capitalism has been intimated; their recoil from the grime and blows of contemporary radicalism is presently to appear; meanwhile, this rustic awe of your college instructors for the brass and cymbals of great place is easily explained if you consider that a professorial class has comparatively little contact with that world in which you are exhorted to compete for prizes. They have still less notion at what prices of personal integrity, maimed character, and mortgaged ideals many of those prizes have been bought. They have had little opportunity to test by contact the base metal of which most of those prizes are

wrought, and are dazzled at a distance by their glitter. They idealize, sentimentalize, rhapsodize and romanticize on the outward glory of men who are, to do them justice, but little conscious of an inward grace, and less of any serene enjoyment of their precarious elevation. For these men in great place are beset by perils of sudden downfall and social, professional, political or financial ruin. Your academic eulogists see only the gorgeous robes. They do not see the quaking heart beneath the purple. And their adoration, to those who have once seen these men of great place without their purple, is infinitely fatuous.

Why, moreover, should the lives of men in great place be plagued with fears of ruin? Because such men are bound on errands of Self. He who has dedicated his life to some superpersonal end does not dread ruin; first, because even if he is ruined the Cause goes marching on—which is all that matters; and again, because even if the Cause meets with disaster, he knows that in so far as it is just (and beyond that he does not support it) disaster is merely temporary and the Cause is bound to triumph in the end. Thus he is quit forever of those

“slings and arrows of outrageous fortune”

which seemed so tragic to a personally-minded poet. Furthermore, your instructors live in a toy world where the dignities are so hotly contested and the honors of rank are so absurdly out of proportion to the burdens which accompany the corresponding positions in a work-a-day world that they make the quite natural mistake of supposing that the posts of equivalent elevation in the greater world must be correspondingly more intoxicating to personal vanity: whereas, the men who actually occupy these positions are often very far from relishing either their eminence or the process by which it was attained. If you could see beneath the slightly abject deference of the academic world toward power and place in the outside world—wholly inconsistent as it is with the assumed superiority which we have already examined—you would probably discover the pathos of much thwarted personal ambition and vain dreams of glory. But that is no excuse for allowing sophists to poison your lives with the false philosophy which has saddened theirs.

Superiority of the Second-Best

It is reserved for those of you who find, in a selfless devotion to some super-personal end,

a touchstone for distinguishing true from spurious greatness, to make the amazing discovery that most great men are distinctly second-rate. As one of them has remarked: "When God wants a piece of important work done, he picks out a s c r u b." That is literally what he was to the outward eye:—ungainly, a gawk, face a grotesque, tongue inarticulate—speech an agony to him. But he was aflame with a spiritual passion which ignited everybody who came near. One reason that "scrubs" are great men may be that they are not too complacently sure of their natural superiority to the majority of their fellow men, but are more likely prey to a painful sense of their own inferiority. Another reason is that most of the supposedly first-rate men long ago joined the competitive scramble for worldly eminence and are not open to offers of the really important jobs—just as attractive women, never having felt the pinch of sex competition and hence not the pressure of economic competition either, are usually anti-suffragists. The result is that the man who is left to tackle the disagreeable but important job says: "This is too bad. Here we need a first-rate man; and I am nothing but a scrub. But there is nobody else to do it: and it has to be

done: so I am going to make a stab at it." Thus, and not in heroic pentameters, speak your great men—the great men who are the multitudinous common men, who keep, who always kept, who always will keep the world going.

And now perhaps you can perceive the stark nonsense of the college volunteering to "train leaders." It is a delusion so pathetic that to expose it seems somehow heartless and cruel, like a needlessly severe punishment of a quack doctor who honestly believes in the efficacy of his medicines, or depriving a sweet-tempered child of his belief in some pretty but mischievous legend. The act carries a kind of heartache with it: they mean so well: and if there were nobody but the colleges to consider, it might be far kinder to let the matter drop. But, as usual, it happens that there emphatically is somebody else to consider, and that somebody is the working class which pays the bills for all this pompous falsehood.

Absentee Leadership

"Training leaders" quoth 'a? Very well: contemplate, if you will, these professorial gentry who, from the serene altitude of a

square meal yesterday, to-day and forever, sound alarums against a too precipitate mending of the machinery for fear the fly wheel, if suddenly stopped, may burst: and when the fly wheel does burst, at Lawrence, or Paterson, or West Virginia, or Calumet, or Ludlow, and then when the working class puts forth leaders as naturally and as spontaneously as a tree puts forth fruit, these, our trainers for leadership, exclaim in dismay that "democracy is unsafe unless the masses will submit to rational guidance." If the colleges have pulled out one stop and loud-pedalled one note above all others, it has been this: "our function is to train leaders." Now waiving the question whether the conception of leadership in vogue with them is anything more contemporary than Carlylean herogogy, it will be conceded that the business of a leader is to lead. If, then, the leader, in the hour of that rebellion for industrial democracy, which is civilization's next great forward step, makes it his study to shirk that responsibility and to impugn the motives of whomsoever may accept it, he need hardly marvel when the leadership passes to another. Also, an insurgent industrial democracy which misses its academic brethren from the ranks

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when they are drawn up for battle will know what to think.

A still more deadly comment remains—furnished by the colleges themselves. When the ranks of industrial democracy were drawn up for battle in Lawrence, the college men were indeed there as leaders—to lead companies of militia.

A Critique of Pure Reason

This failure of our intellectual knighthood to ride forth at the head of a proletariat in revolt against industrial feudalism is more than a reluctance to forswear a seat at table in the great hall of the baron.

Scholars collect knowledge; they do not apply it.

Colleges discipline the mind; they do not educate the will.

Your colleges, in so far as they heed the industrial upheaval at all, propose to mollify a mutinous working class by scientific methods. Under steady quizzing this is what their doctrines boil down to in the end. But does this affair properly belong to science? If those who saw the scientific impulse of the mid-nineteenth century discard the clumsy sails of sec-

tarian superstition for the triple expansion engines of ascertained fact are tempted by the success of that former experiment to apply a similar scientific method to a mutiny of the crew, the error may be human enough; but they should reflect that this is not now a problem in navigation, but in navigators. An education which makes a merit of carrying over the spirit of scientific exactitude from the laboratory into the strike headquarters has made the somewhat serious blunder of failing to grasp the huge distinction between voltages and heartbeats; between cold facts and hot tears. When a professor of economics discourses of unemployment as if the plight of being out of a job with a wife and baby going hungry were as scientific a proposition as the latent heat of vaporization, this academic *distrust of emotion* may well cause us to ask ourselves whether the ability to assume a strictly scientific attitude toward such a matter does not constitute a profound disqualification for dealing with it at all.

Of course there is the strong possibility that all this parade of scientific caution is a mere pretext to save the faces of men who clearly see the conflict between working-class revolt

and the stability of the institutions which they serve, and are merely sparring for time in which to ransack their ingenuity for that brand of "clear thinking" which will permit them to eat their cake and keep it too.

The voluntary acceptance of suffering on behalf of others means just this;—that when the suffering grows acute we do something to end it. Reason is an excellent method of finding things out: but it is emotion that gets things done. Right here is the rub. With the colleges, emotion is in disfavor. . . . "Hasty." "Unintelligent." "Fanatical." And, above all, "Poor taste!" Its peculiarly sheltered life does, to be sure, make an academic community abnormally thin-skinned. But a select society which prides itself on intellectual independence should consider that this dread of ridicule which haunts the professorial mind is the very summit of the ridiculous. Good form is the god of a college and thou shalt have no other gods before it. When you reflect that scorn, ridicule, and hatred are the common lot of the social pioneer, you may know how thin are college veins in that blood of martyrs which is the seed of the church. You will probably discern that the college, and all that therein is, is

bent desperately on saving its own soul which is (since science has dispensed with souls) its professional reputation. Or should I say *prestige*?

Emotion is thus out of court: thinking should be a critique of pure reason. Your theory is that restraint means power in reserve. The practical question is whether this is restraint or only constraint. Nothing is harder than to curb generous passion with temperate reason. That is always half the struggle of the revolutionist. Nothing is easier than to conceal the absence of generous passion under the pretense of temperate reason. Cautioned by the excesses of zealotry in the past, it is no doubt excusable in judicious minds to distrust a radical mode of thinking which is born of pity and indignation at the oppression of the poor. But when you are assured with indulgent contempt that every constructive programme proposed by radicals is absurdly parochial and that "this kind of thinking must be done not with the heart but with the head" and yet you wait in vain for any of that superior thinking to proceed from the heads—to say nothing of the hearts—of these scholarly go-slowsters, it is then time to inquire whether the

seat of this lofty philosophic calm is in the intellect or in the stomach.

Extant Mars' Hill

When "Widowers' Houses" was performed publicly for the first time in America a year or so ago in a Chicago playhouse, the piece was discussed by reviewers in the patronizing tone of ramshackle tenements being an old, or 1892 story. It was said that a great deal of water had flowed under the bridges since Mr. Shaw attacked rackrent landlordism. What the reviewers meant was not that England or America had experienced any thorough housing reform in the interval, but that the play of "Widowers' Houses" was a twice-told tale. "We have heard all that. Now tell us another." That there is to be any practical relation between a play and the obligation to scour up a city slum should be resented as an outrage to the Vestal purity of dramatic art. Economic oppression is a legitimate theme for a playwright, provided he has the skill to make it entertaining to the play-going class. Aside from that, we are not interested. "Widowers' Houses" had not been assimilated: it had been examined and tossed aside.

This is a fairly satisfactory parable of the college-educated. The trouble is that philosophies are ridiculously easy to teach (Socrates is on record as to this) and terribly difficult to practise. Also, they are nothing until they *are* practised. In any college of this land, God wot! there is knowledge enough, if it were only put to work, to save ten such societies as this. But to know the word and not to do it contracts, in the end, a fatal paralysis of the will. Your campus of to-day, even as your Mars' Hill of yesterday, as St. Paul learned to his sorrow, spends its time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. But not to *do* it.

This desertion from the dust and battle of daily life has nourished in the colleges a stultifying *distrust of action*. These distinguished ineffectuals suppose this distrust of action to be a repugnance for blind fanaticism, even while they burn incense to all those blind fanatics who are the glory of the past, the heritage of the present, and the hope of the future.

Forgetting for the moment our own little patch of earth and sky in this illimitable plain of Time, let us ask ourselves which way run the roads to other such ages, and who built

those roads. Who are those that the world cares to bear in memory; and why?

Revolutionist versus Stagnationist

Two great parties have eternally contested the steersmanship of events—the party which clings to the past, and the party which fronts the future: the party of age and the party of youth. It is the party of age which is always in power: the party of youth is forever struggling to grasp that power and wield it for the cause of revolution. But by the time the party of youth has fought its way into office, it has aged to the other faction, so a new generation must renew the struggle. In all this, youth and age are not of the body but of the spirit. Young men are found in the party of age, and old men in the party of youth.

To the party of age that which is customary is moral: that which is contrary to custom and therefore against the established order is outrageous, subversive, wicked.

“Everyone who has hitherto overthrown a law of established morality has always been at first considered as a *wicked man*: but when it was afterwards found impossible to reestablish the law, and people

gradually became accustomed to the change, the epithet was changed by slow degrees. History deals almost exclusively with these *wicked men*, who later came to be recognized as *good men*."

The philosophers, the prophets, the scientists, the poets, the explorers, the saints, the artists,—who are these but the adventurers of history, the idol-smashers, the darers of uncharted seas which the timorous told them led nowhere but to destruction? Who are these but the valiant insurrectionists who have suffered everything that mankind might profit a little: who have given their lives as a ransom for many? The party of age which has, as we say, settled down, hates to be disturbed and exerts all its authority to crush the disturber. It exclaims, and truly believes, that to change the existing order is that very path to ruin over strange seas to the edge of the world and the plunge to chaos. So it persecutes the revolutionist with every instrument from rack and faggot to social ostracism and intellectual quarantine. Until the revolutionist, as he always does in the end, wins: then society hastens to fling itself at the feet of the victor (or of the victor's statue—the victor having long since died in pov-

erty and neglect) and to pour out libations to his memory for having done what it had expressly forbidden him to do and punished him for doing.

For Socrates, the hemlock; for Jesus, the cross; for the Gracchi, the knife and cudgel; for Bruno, the stake; for Spinoza, poverty; for Bunyan, prison; for William Lloyd Garrison, the broadcloth mob; for John Brown, the noose; for Lincoln, the pistol; for Tolstoy, excommunication; for Ferrer, the rope,—it is one hope and one baptism, the hope of mankind and the baptism of the martyr's blood. "History deals almost exclusively with these *wicked men* who later came to be recognized as *good men*." History does? Then what does education do? What is a university but the treasure house of the stored radicalism of the ages? If not to break rules, shatter precedents, carve new paths, dare uncharted seas, and upset the existing order, then what, in the name of revolution, is education? Are you to challenge the universe, yet accept without question that part of it which feeds you, clothes you, shelters you, sets your task, pays your wages, dictates the cut of your garments, colors your opinions, levies your taxes, fixes your hours of labor, decides the kind of chair you shall sit in

and the dish from which you shall eat, the class in which you shall look for your friends, the price you shall pay for a wife, and the number of babies you can afford to bring into the world? Shall you learn to criticize the social structures of the ancient and the mediæval worlds which bred this magnificent heritage of revolutionism, yet learn to utter no syllable of social criticism against the capitalist society in which you live and move and have your being?

The party of age is forever insisting that the struggle is ended, the victory won. Nothing now to do but hang wreaths on the pedestals of dead victors and wax fat on the fruits of their valor.

The Only Thing That Has Ever Happened

The struggle is never ended, the victory never won. And by looking sharply you will detect on the very hands which hang wreaths on the pedestals of the victors of yesterday the blood of the persecuted revolutionists of to-day. . . . This is the whole duty of youth: to find the revolutionary party of to-day and join it. Once within its ranks, the revolutionist finds himself in a glorious company, linking hands with all the free spirits that have been and

that shall be. Here they that were dead are alive again, and they that are yet to be born are already born. The ages that have been and that are to be are as vivid as the age that is. Men have been doing this thing and this thing only since the world began, and shall go on doing this thing until it ends. All else is but shadows. Here every valiant soul of the past is alive and fighting. Fiery are their arms and they wist not that their faces shine. The mountain is full of chariots and horsemen. Like the Great Twin Brethren, the immortals are fighting on our side; or we on theirs—it is all the same. In our hearts and loins is all that is yet to be. We speak a common language. Hellene, Hebrew, Roman, Frank, Hindu, Briton, Teuton, Yankee, Russian—the Pentecostal flame has touched all tongues to a single speech. There always has been and is but one thing to do—to set a people free. And until we know this struggle in the guise it has taken in our own age, we know nothing of the past, nor of the future, nor of the present.

The Siege Perilous

The revolutionist is he who has solved in his own life the paradox that it is only by losing

ourselves that we save ourselves. He owns that only which he has given away. He is rich only in so much as he has sacrificed. Every implement more than is needful to his task he holds, as well he knows, at the peril of his immortal part. And knowing this, he dreads Self as he does not dread poverty, neglect or persecution, because these have no power to harm him. All those things, therefore, which he holds in selfish possession he gives up, the freer to fight the battles for his fellow men. And then the wonderful thing happens. All those things which he has given up he is given back again as weapons to carry on the fight. That is the miracle which must be lived to be believed. A college education, let us say, directly the revolutionist discerns it to be the implement of a selfish leisure-class culture ignobly got at the expense of a subject laboring class, he resolves to discard, lock, stock and barrel, and fight if need be with his naked fists. When he has done so he is amazed and awed to find that education thrust back into his hands with its power mysteriously increased an hundred-fold. The past leaps from its grave and is become as an angel with a flaming sword, terrible in righteousness; all philosophies are in-

telligible; all cultures instruments; all knowledge an arsenal. History shouts warning and cheer across the years; the future quickens like the unborn child under the mother's heart; the arts burn with eloquence; the poets sing together as sang the morning stars, and their hymn is the everlasting chant of human brotherhood—Christian or Pagan, it is all one. The sciences speak many-tongued; Nature is a living presence; and every instant of life seethes with meaning. For

“this is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.”

Side-Step of Alma Step-Mater

Now you must have observed that the respectable classes are always hostile to revolution. The party of revolt is perpetually under shadow of disrepute: it does not include “the best people.” As usual, the revolutionary

party of to-day is the champion of the under dog—unshaven, unshorn, unlettered, unlovely to the eye of the flesh, fair as he may be to the eye of the spirit. Respectability rejects revolution. Nothing could be more respectable than the colleges, and nothing less revolutionary. The reason is simple. To celebrate the revolutionism of the past is an agreeable exercise of the tongue. To share the revolutionism of the present is a painful ordeal of mind and body. Thus it is that the party of desertion is eternally eager to honor dead radicals,—whom they would be the first to persecute if they were alive and fighting. It is so much easier to chant pæans over the victories of the past than to give and take blows for the winning of the victories of the present. Tell us moving tales of the battles of yesterday, but from the battles of to-day Alma Mater deliver us! For these battles are not glamored over with the historic pageantry of dented armor and tattered flags on Abbey walls or the sentimental-literary tearfulness of “old, unhappy, far-off things”; they are new, unhappy, nearby things—blows that smart, shrieks that haunt the ear, grapples that are desperate and often deadly. That this barricade-duty does not con-

sort with scholarly ease is not hard to perceive. The book-mellowed glooms, the firelight and slippered ease of the study; the smart dinner-tables; the brilliant drawing-rooms; placid domesticity and the family-centric universe do not welcome the storm and stress of warfare with the powers that control modern society. Readiness to celebrate the past; reluctance to endorse the present: this is the posture of the college toward that revolution which never ends. The revolutionism of the past it calls culture. The revolutionism of the present it calls disorder, lawlessness, riot, sedition, blasphemy, false doctrine, civil war, a national menace, resistance to constituted authority, lack of "clear thinking," rabid socialism, wild-eyed anarchy, dull propaganda, the fomentation of class hatreds,—and any other stupid slander it can lay its tongue to.

Without troubling to examine this battery of epithets each gun of which has a deadly recoil, it is permissible to say that even if the colleges were not the treasure chests of the accumulated radicalism of the ages, this sterility of action in the soil of our institutions of learning suggests the query: What should

they know of learning who only learning know?

Trunk, Modern; Head, Antique

If the high priests of our intellectocracy are incapacitated for bearing arms in the revolution of to-day, we may perhaps excuse them; but what we may not excuse is their practice of dismissing from their portals each June bands of unnaturally conservatized young men.

An United States Senator had been invited to bask in the admiration of the undergraduates of that university which had sent him forth conquering and to conquer. He declined to bask. What he did was considerably more like calling down fire from on high to confound the priests of Baal, for the episode occurred beside the very altars of the institution and in the presence of not a few of its priests. Said the Senator:

The belief is prevalent . . . that every Eastern college is eating out of the hand that has robbed the pockets of the people. . . . A college at best will act the part of an old man, a conservative old man, in politics. . . . We know that the young man is

the progressive spirit, the radical in politics. As he gets older he becomes conservative, his political arteries harden, he slows down. Not until he becomes too old for radical action does he become important enough to enter the faculty. The dominant note, then, in college circles is the note of the old man, the man of influence, the conservative.

The result is that our colleges represent a very thin upper crust of our great American life. They are always respectable, always conservative, always reactionary. That is why rich men, who find things rigged about right for their money-making operations, are glad to contribute to the colleges. The colleges are the greatest dead weight the capitalists can fasten around the necks of the American people.

The Senator's audience—of young men—had stiffened with antagonism. An unwary radical or two (who were, like the speaker, graduates) so far forgetting themselves as to applaud, found themselves the targets of a volley of hostile glares. And who could wonder? Considering that their traditional gods were being tumbled in the dust and their skies fetched

crashing about their ears, candor obliges me to report that these young men behaved extremely well. It is true, they sulked. They burned to answer back. But they listened.

Thus far it was a toss-up whether the speaker would be rewarded at the close with perfunctory hand spats, damning silence, or open hisses. The Senator continued:

Most important of all, college men should be taught what is wrong with the world, and the way to set it right; what poverty is, and where it exists; what makes it and what will prevent it: what injustice is, its causes and its remedies; the reasons for the high cost of living and the way to bring it down; the problems of immigration and how to make country life worth living.

They should be taught human interest, the brotherhood of man, the glory of self-sacrifice, the passion of service to mankind. They should be taught these things until they are athirst for the battles against the wrongs and evils and injustices of the world.

At the end, the Senator announced his willingness to stand up and get heckled. Whereupon

his audience declined to heckle him, but stayed to shake hands.

Plot Mechanism

In the last scene of "King Lear," Kent asks why Lear is absent. "Great thing of us forgot!" exclaims Albany—the secret being that the exigencies of the plot demanded that the king (though it is he that all the row is about) should be forgot. Similarly, when it is asked why radicalism is absent from education, "Great thing of us forgot!" exclaim the colleges—the secret being that the exigencies of the plot demand that radicalism (though it is this that all the row has always been about) should be forgot.

For mark how this adventure of the radical Senator and the conservative young men disrobes to the confusion of a college vastly more liberal than the average. Here was a party of youths amazed and not a little miffed at the radicalism of a legislator who came from what might be supposed, with the possible exception of the Supreme Court, to be the safe deposit vault of political caution in America. Young men are by nature radicals. They are rebels by the divine right of youth. The point is that

if the education of this group had been what education is intended to be, these youngsters would have been receiving the Senator's somewhat tepid revolutionism with that lofty patronage which is proper to your age and kind. The scandal was not that the Senator should have blasphemed their ancient gods. The scandal was that these undergraduates should have been scandalized.

That the Senator was radical is cold comfort. For one United States Senator who suffers some miraculous post-graduate conversion, your main harvest is a crop of well-meaning, if ill-reasoning, true-believers in the God of Things As They Are. Thus the kind of thing you get is this:

One of these, our educated men, an officer in the state militia, is narrating the details of a strike battle to an assemblage of college-bred financiers in the great hall of a university club. It is a man's story. With superior weapons, to be sure, and superior strategy, he had, none the less, fought at the head of his detachment against the strikers for his very life. In telling of it, he is at infinite pains to be impartial. That his men burned and looted he does not deny. But he conceives himself to

have been fighting to maintain that political liberty which our industrial despotism has, unknown to him, all but reduced to a mockery. As a man, he is superb. Youth, courage, generosity, fair-mindedness, and devotion to what he believes to be his duty. As a citizen, in the larger sense, he is a one-man regiment of disaster.

For what puzzled him and pained him and filled him with fierce resentment was not that he should have been called on to risk his life in the suppression of a working class uprising; but that, having done so, he should have been bitterly attacked from a variety of quarters for having performed what seemed to him to be his plain duty as an officer and a citizen. If he had been asked: "What should the cat's paw expect but contemptuous kicks from both parties?" he would have supposed the question a personal insult, and not a simple reminder of an axiom in human affairs which had just been exemplified in his own experience. He was an ominous figure. If his patriotism and his public spirit had been a decade more contemporary and a degree more enlightened, he never, in the first place, would have been in the militia at all; and if he had been, he would have refused duty

the instant a ruling class undertook to commandeer it for use as an instrument to enforce oppression. The hopeless part of this is that it was not a case of personal stupidity. It was a case of class stupidity. He had responded instinctively to the dictates of his class without once reflecting that he belonged to a class. And thus we collide with the monstrous paradox of modern education. The ghastly fact which confronts the colleges of this land is the ignorance of the educated man.

Ignorance it is. He knows his integral calculus. He does not know the rudimentary facts of a struggle for existence which the urchin of the tenement zone, thrust out on zero days to pick up coal along the railway tracks, has learned before he is in his 'teens. Is it any wonder, then, that a working class, goaded to desperation by wrongs which his ignorance permits to exist, after battering in vain at his stony class-prejudices and stubborn misconceptions with every appeal in its armory, borrows an argument from his own arsenal,—the bullet?

"The Double Code"

This unconscious class-consciousness is an intellectual trait common to no small part of our college graduates and even of our college faculties themselves. And at this point let me ask you to distinguish sharply between personal conduct and class conduct. If their personal merits are to be considered alone, it is doubtful whether any single group of men in modern society—with the possible exception of the medical profession—better exemplify what is best in the cultivation of the human mind and heart than these same professors of yours. To begin with, the mere fact that they have embraced this profession of teaching in a period of American life when all the dazzling prizes are offered elsewhere is testimony to their independence of mind and fineness of spirit. Many of them have dedicated their lives to scientific researches so profound that only a few engaged in the same pursuit are able to comprehend the quest, let alone appreciate the achievement. This means a moral and spiritual isolation which few of you will ever know unless you become radicals in a conservative land. How these men have poured the riches

of their minds and their souls into your none too receptive laps you do not need to be told. They have stimulated your brains; nourished and encouraged your best aspirations, and prompted your effort with every sympathy and every kindness. The eloquent writing of the years on their fine, worn faces; the inner light which shines through their speech and actions—these will linger gratefully in your memories long after their lessons have been erased by the sponge of commercial life. It is doubtful whether you will ever again encounter a band of men so noble and so devoted.

All this is a reason the more why you should be on your guard against the social error which comes robed in the splendor of this personal grace. No phenomenon is more stupefying than this metamorphosis of class reaction whereby a gentle patriarch in personal character is transformed into a brutal despot when he responds quite unwittingly to the stimulus of some class prejudice. He is become a different person, not at all gentle, but callous to the suffering of society-maimed unfortunates, and ruthless in his demands that they be "kept in their places,"—by the State militia if necessary as aforesaid. At such moments he does

not think, speak, or act as an individual man any more than the soldier commanded to shoot a striker or a "foreign foe": he acts as the representative of that social stratum which gives the command—without, to be sure, knowing that he wears its uniform. This conduct is by no means peculiar to university faculties, though in them it is more anomalous because, as an intellectual class, they might be supposed to exercise a more cautious self-criticism of their thinking; whereas, much as we may deplore such bigotry in other quarters of the upper classes economically dependent on capitalism and therefore its apologists, we are less surprised because of their less pretense to intellectuality. But the lesson of it is this: it is quite possible to have at one and the same time in the same people the most exemplary personal characters and the most exemplary class offenders.

That these class offenders should bequeath the errors of their class-thinking to you their pupils is hardly singular. They accept without hesitation that property system which breeds these shocking evils, just as they accept without hesitation a leisure-class culture which, indeed, they have never subjected to enough social

analysis to discover that it is a leisure-class culture.

Conservatism: None Genuine With Label

Early in his career as a window-smasher, Nietzsche discovered that while old men think clearly, it is young men who think profoundly. To think seriously about a social order based on the doctrine of legitimate prey is to discern a contraption closely resembling the wonderful one-hoss shay on the day preceding the 100th anniversary of the Lisbon earthquake,—if, indeed, this is not itself the earthquake day. That is, to think of this matter at all is as surely to become a revolutionary as sparks fly upward.

Conservatism comes in two brands: the spurious and the genuine. The spurious is found alike in old men and in young. It believes in taking no chances for the excellent reason that it never had the courage to accept a risk in order that others might profit. The genuine brand of conservatism is found only in those older men who have dared and done as hot revolutionaries in their youth, and who have learned from their bruises a certain strategic cunning of peaceful warfare, a certain good-tempered respect for their adver-

saries—who are not thereby the less unmistakably their adversaries—and therewith, the value of keeping up the fight with such weapons as the existing order unintentionally delivers into their hands. Conservatives in the common or degraded acceptance of that term they never become at all, because that kind of conservatism does not conserve. Assuming that a *status quo* exists, this spurious conservatism is all for preserving the *status quo*. But no such thing as a *status quo* exists or ever did exist. The only conservative is, therefore, the radical. He perceives that what is best in the existing order can only be preserved by continually reshaping it to suit the changing needs of the ever-changing times. Thus the conservative old age of a revolutionist is only a continuation of the struggle with different weapons. Thus, likewise, while the profound thinking of youth makes men radical, the clearer thinking of advancing years, plus some regrettable but inevitable cooling of the blood, makes the radical more discriminating though less effective in his use of weapons.

But to speak of a conservative y o u n g man is to speak of a monstrosity abhorred of Nature. There is no such animal. The creature may be

young by the count of years, but if his mind has frozen at two-and-twenty, be sure there has been mixed breeding somewhere—with religious bigotry, dogmatic philosophy, or property rights. In a word, he has been educated.

To upbraid you for being “timidly conservative at an age at which every healthy human being ought to be obstreperously revolutionary,” when all the machinery of your education is geared to make you so, is as idle as it is unjust. It is equally idle, though not quite so unjust, to upbraid presidents and faculties for standing pat when their bread is buttered on the stand-pat side. But this need not blind us to the awkward fact that the great eastern colleges and not a few of the western colleges are privately owned, privately operated industries for the competitive sale of education, and it ought not to surprise us when they resort to the usual competitive-industrial tactics to protect their trade and conciliate customers, any more than it should surprise us when those universities which are state-owned and state-operated fail to avoid reflecting the political timidities and the social prejudices of the electorates whereby they are controlled.

But what we should object to with all our

mights is this ridiculous and mischievous practice of teaching young men to talk and think like old men,—and this not with the wisdom of valorous age, won in battle against oppression, but with the shibboleths whereby cowardly age is wont to excuse its desertion from the ranks.

It is idle to suppose that even as it is there will not be, in any college, a minority of young men sufficiently keen of mind and sensitive of conscience to find out these things for themselves. Indeed, so unerring is this instinct of youth for rebellion in general and for social revolution in particular that it is only by draining off your minds into the marsh ditches of choric metres, archæological minutiae, and scientific putterings that education has been able to keep them from joining the revolutionary mainstream. The surprising number of you who do, by devious channels, find your way into that mainstream is the abiding hope in an otherwise dismal prospect. For the moment you do join the revolutionary mainstream you divine what the world is all about, and things begin to happen. You perceive that Socrates, draining the bowl of hemlock; Christ, on Golgotha; Paul, enduring stripes and dungeons; Luther, defying the Pope; St. Francis,

embracing poverty; Tolstoy, begging the Russian government to put his neck in a noose; Emerson, repudiated by the Harvard Divinity School, were all waging the same social war: that the fight is going on now; that nothing else has ever happened or ever will happen. Gone, now, is that sick fear of leaving a false paradise for a stern outer-world reality which haunts the votary of personal aims and selfish pleasures. And in its place is a burning eagerness to be giving and taking blows in the good fight.

The Dilemma of Sex

In an organization of society which imposes single life on young men of your social class and scholarly pursuits in the very flower of your bodily fitness, the dilemma of sex is a perpetual bugbear. It is a bugbear to you, who are supposed to maintain some standard of moral decency; and to your college faculties who live in constant terror of having their institutions publicly disgraced by the escapades of young irresponsibles. You are tremulously besought for your own sakes not to do this, for your future sweethearts' sakes not to do that, and for your families' sakes not to do the

other thing, when what is mostly meant is: for our sakes do not bring the college into disrepute.

To any earnest student of morals the amazing part is that all these exhortations ignore the most powerful of all deterrents from misconduct. The easiest way to keep out of scrapes is to be too busy getting other people out to have any time to get in oneself.

The radical is a person who intensely believes in something. That means that he has something to do: not something not to do. This, at the start, transfers the whole weight of resistance to temptations of the flesh and of the ambition from the negative to the positive side of the scale.—Athletics are admittedly a safety-valve, and those who extol college sport on that plea neglect to mention that the heightening of bodily tensions may quite as often intensify the dilemma as solve it. Besides, athletics are play. What if we could harness this physical energy with moral steam and make it work?

If a radical knows anything he knows that the first thing the oppressors look for is a flaw in the personal character of whomsoever may champion the cause of the oppressed. The

whole drama of sin and punishment is staged for him a dozen times a month, not in petty, Pineroesque personal issues, but in mighty issues of the social struggle. He sees that misconduct is a voluntary weakening of his own armor. It is handing over to the enemy a weapon which the enemy will know how to use to deadly execution. And the smart is not that the thrust through a hole in his armor made by himself may hurt him, but that it may maim him so that he cannot fight for those who have no one else to defend them. It is the radical who sees that his every misdeed rivets another shackle on the wrists of those whom he is trying to liberate, who realizes the true folly of wrong-doing. He might squander that which belonged to himself alone: he cannot squander that which belongs to the weak and helpless—his strength to fight. And so for the first time he sees where personal morality fits, and why it can be so imperative. Suppose the employers of child labor discover that a powerful antagonist of child labor has an illegitimate child. The father may or may not regret the relation which resulted in the birth of the child, but he is certain bitterly to regret the weakening of his power to oppose child labor which the ex-

posure involves. There, and not in self, lies the fulcrum of moral leverage. Deliberately give the exploiters an advantage? Not if you know yourself.

Also, it re-arranges conduct in a wholly new perspective. Certain offences seem, henceforth, vastly less serious and others vastly more so. Because now the radical sees for the first time *why* things are wrong. Before, he supposed them wrong merely because he had been told so at the point of a warning forefinger by his parents, or a Sunday school teacher, or an old maid aunt, just as he supposed it was improper to strip in the presence of other people until he grew accustomed to a gymnasium. This has the added value of throwing him back on himself for decisions as to what is wrong and what isn't; and, as he is certain to be the first sufferer from hypocritical judgments, he gets an invaluable discipline in mental sincerity. Henceforth he has a practical test for right or wrong doing: will it impair his usefulness to those who need him? If, in his new-found independence, he resolves that not to be evil which his conscience and his intellect tell him to be evil, he is certain, as he well knows, to pay for that dishonesty in a coin

which he can ill afford. All this transfers the moral responsibility and the moral sentinelship exactly where it belongs—to himself.

Now you and I do not need to be told the value of this in that season of brimming life when we are decreed to books. You and I know how we had, night after night, to kick ourselves to the study table and fix our minds on abstract ideas when the ideas which plagued our minds were anything but abstract. You and I remember those first mild evenings of April when a warm breeze swung in between the swaying curtains, a breeze languorous with a vague perfume; when a raging music drummed at ears; when the night burned with fire and magic; and the voice of the world, the flesh and the devil was a riot-call just outside the dormitory windows. You and I know the sweat it cost to stick to that study table.

It is precisely at such a time that some compunction superior to personal scruples is needed. The thou-shalt-nots of Sunday school teachers and old maid aunts, salutary as they may be in the era of temptation to raids on the jam closet, lose some of their impressiveness under persuasions of a more mature appeal. But the thou-shalt-not received from the radi-

cal's own perception of the hideous cause and effect between his own misconduct and its seizure by the oppressors of the weak to impair his championship of their rights is an inhibition which grows steadily stronger with the years. And for the simplest reason in the world: it has translated *T h o u s h a l t n o t* into *T h o u s h a l t*.

The White Calf of Apostolic Succession

In that Egypt which is now the paradise of archæological fuddy-duds, there once existed, we are told, a cult which worshipped a sacred white calf. When that beast paid the debt of nature, its soul was supposed to pass into the body of another white calf miraculously born at the instant of the other's demise. And since, owing to lax attention on the part of deities toward ritualistic detail, this coincidence frequently failed to occur as per schedule, the sacred calf was often whitened by processes partaking less of nature than of art. The object of veneration made holy by a coat of white-wash—this is the whole parable of institutionalism.

First comes the seer, ablaze with the fire of his faith. He is the wonder-worker; seen

amid miracles. Disciples follow him. His mantle descends on them: they are kindled with his fire: they, too, become wonder-workers, seen amid miracles. Converts throng to them. A sect is founded. . . . The seer departs—is done to death, or whirled away in a chariot of fire: the disciples age: a new generation receives the faith which is now cooling into traditions and formulating a creed. The first flush of ardor has waned. The disciples were lesser men than their master; their successors are lesser men than they. It is clear that if the succession is to continue it must be not now by the divine impulse of spiritual fervor, but by arbitrary human choice; no longer *e l e c t i o n*, but *s e l e c t i o n*. In the earlier stages, when leadership meant persecution, the leaders were, by that very fact, picked men—men who came in because they could not stay out. In the later stages, when the sect is growing powerful and persecution has ceased, the posts of leadership which were formerly posts of danger, have become posts of dignity, authority and comfort. They are therefore no longer sought by fiery idealists, but by selfish place-hunters. This change in the type of leadership is promptly reflected in the sect. Hence-

forth it follows not the fire-pillar of a militant faith, but the cold daylight of organization. It is institutionalized. A new prophet was not born the instant the old prophet was rapt heavenwards in a chariot of fire. So the priestly cults whitewash the sacred calves; choosing their successors by other tokens than sacred whiteness, and relying, for sanctity and color, on the brush.

Such is the perpetual motion from revolutionism to reaction. Every institution was radical once, even a college. No pathos is more touching, no irony more cruel than that of the preambles, the bills of rights, the creeds, the covenants in which we read the handwriting of men who have fought and bled for a revolutionary ideal. That ideal they have striven to perpetuate by embodying it in an institution or a creed. Always their study has been to provide some means for keeping that creed radical, for keeping it a fighting faith, for letting it change with the ever-changing need of the times, and always their successors have fought not for the faith but for the creed; not for the spirit, but for the form; not for the idea, but for the institution.

In this posture of affairs one of two things

is certain to happen: either the institution is reformed from within, or the free minds, the religious, the idealists, the revolutionists, unable either to move it or to endure it, abandon the institution as an empty shell, and start another. Accordingly, it is of the utmost importance to institutions to foster that revolt which is hatched within their own walls, but since revolt disturbs the comfort of routine with a gospel of work, instead of a sloth of prayer, this is precisely what institutions are least likely to do.

In a lull between great battles, institutions may have gone on conducting a guerilla warfare in the cause of human advance, but they should be prepared at any instant to call in all forces at the first signal of a renewed general engagement, and this, also, institutions are seldom willing to do. They have fallen into the way of thinking that the guerilla warfare is the main engagement, and deride the warning that a greater conflict impends. Thus the chance of reform from within is a slim one at best, and unless the institution is alert to espy and seize it—to hear and heed the shouts and shots of these radical sentries from their outposts—even that chance is lost.

Torch-Bearers of Revolutionism

Originally, a school is an instrument for transmitting to the children the revolutionism of their fathers. In an age when that revolutionism takes the form of philosophy, the school is an Academe; in an age when revolutionism animates religion, the school is religious; in an age when revolutionism has entered into the spirit of science, the school is scientific. The curriculum is the instrument; revolutionism is the player. But the succeeding generation mistakes instrument for player, and makes the curriculum everything, and revolutionism nothing. The succeeding generation supposes the curriculum to be an end in itself. Meanwhile, the spirit of revolutionism has fled the corpse of this institution and entered into a living body. And the body into which it enters for its new incarnation is disreputable, disrespected, despised and rejected of men. But the institution which it has left is reputable, respectable, admired and accepted of men. . . . When these shores were first settled, the refugees of a religious revolution, who had abandoned the religious institution of their land and time, founded schools in the wilderness to per-

petuate their religious revolutionism. Those schools subsequently embraced political revolutionism in 1776, and scientific revolutionism in 1860; and they are now confronted with a social revolutionism which their freer minds tell them must be embraced, but which their capitalistic alliances forbid them to countenance.

For Their Much Speaking

The hereditary foe of institutions is the institution of private property. A generation which has never undergone the spiritual discipline of fighting for an idea puts its faith in building materials. Like the heathen, they think they shall be heard for their much brick and stone. He is the great consul who can leave his name most numerously bespread on bronze tablets in ponderous structures commemorating his consulship; who can boast that he found the institution brick and left it marble: not he who can boast (but does not) that he found the institution a lamp that had gone out and kindled it into a great light unto all the people. . . . Think ye, O foolish ones, that men shall magnify you for that they see your names in letters of bronze? . . . Domes

and pinnacles arise: the spirit perishes. Defiantly immovable they look, a haughty arrogance in every arch and column. Yet arch and column are not the spirit; they are not even the institution: they are only the garment of the institution which can be put off and on at will. There is no impostor like imposing architecture. Men built these soaring arches and towering cornices, and if they stand between man and his immortal part, men can tear them down again and cast them aside. Free minds do not easily mistake the appearance of power for its reality. Stately are these façades, magniloquent their inscriptions. But if the spirit within them is dead, the odor which wafts from their portals is a whiff from tombs, and free minds will know them for the sepulchres they are.

Institutions as Mausoleums of Dead Ideas

How shall institutions be saved from the body of this death?

When they are poor in this world's goods and must rely on the courage of mighty souls for their strength, they prosper. Let them grow rich, and above all, respectable, and decay sets in. Such a spiritual corrosion may be

arrested by renouncing these material encumbrances, or, at least, by incurring their jeopardy in the espousal of some revolutionary cause like that out of which the institution was sired. Willingness to discard the empty shells of dead ideas is the act of courage which human society learns last and hardest. This refuse clutters the path, to be stumbled over by the young at every step, and the sorriest part is that most often the young do not even know that it is refuse. And once it is owned that there is no art for restoring life to these bodies, and therefore no other hope of disencumbering the earth of their unwholesome carcasses, you have, as you should clearly understand, put the most powerful of arguments into that ancient foe of institutionalism, the anarchist—a result by no means so dire as a partisan institutional education has instructed you to suppose.—I am well aware that to an audience of syndicalists, anarchists, or other radicals socially disreputable enough to be able to afford the luxury of a candid criticism of our social disorder, this effort to arouse the colleges to some response to a general alarm of world-conflagration might sound senseless and futile. They would ask me on what grounds I expected

institutions to lead an attack on evils of which they are the beneficiaries and which no small part of their teaching is, by instinct or design, tending to perpetuate. My reply is that for the sake of those brother revolutionaries of the past who poured out their blood in behalf of institutions which have, as the years went on, betrayed the sacrifice and forsaken the spirit of their founders, it is only just to give such institutions a chance to return to their allegiance. Besides, this criticism of the Extreme Left is a counsel of despair. The extremists forget that the press, the pulpit, the bench, the bar, and the gown are producers of commodities which respond to the law of supply and demand. Create a radical demand among the consumers, and the producers soon comply with a radical output.

The Secular Vows

By this it has sufficiently appeared that an education which does not chiefly aim to enable its pupil *to recognize this world-force of revolution under the manifold disguises which it assumes in successive ages* is an education which belies its name. And the least we can demand of an institution, even under its ter-

rific property encumbrances, is that it shall not incapacitate its disciples to recognize a revolution when they see one. The reproach of the colleges is that the majority of their graduates are going to their graves without ever having had nostrils gladdened with the smell of revolutionary saltpetre. And whereas the vows of the revolutionary, Monk or Puritan, in any time, are the vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience; the vows of the college man are property, celebrity and expedience.

This way of all flesh among institutions has been anatomized by way of making out the strongest possible case in defense of the colleges. But, when all is said, the way of all flesh it remains merely, and no very sublime exoneration. Whether any means is discoverable whereby an institution may be impelled to perpetuate the spirit of the work for which it was established when the ritual of the age in which it was founded has become a vain repetition in the age succeeding the world is apparently unable to determine. But meanwhile the main hope of institutions, colleges included, is the fearless criticism of them by their own adherents who have known them at their best from within, and have later beheld

them at their worst from without. Let them ignore these voices and they are self-doomed to a berth among the wrecks of time.

Machine-Made

Now consider how much chance of such criticism from the ranks of its own undergraduates and graduates the college enjoys. For institutions which preen themselves on cultivating the habit of independent thinking the annual output of the average college is a sheep-run of gregarious mentality stupefying to behold. Cut to a pattern, . . . and proud of it. Dressing alike, talking alike, walking alike, thinking alike. Ask yourselves, in all candor, if there is any other quarter in the community where peculiarities of conduct, dress, speech, and thought are so promptly resented and so mercilessly ridiculed as in Studentdom. Outlandish clothes may be worn, and worn with absurd pride in their class distinction, but only if worn by the whole crowd. The fraternity and club systems are enshrouded with an elaborate mystery as fantastic as the superstition of a primitive tribe which it so faithfully resembles. There are silence taboos. The very name of this or that club must not be pro-

nounced by underclassmen on pain of exclusion from its beatific state forever. And if a lad does come along sufficiently independent of mind to deride all this solemn tomfoolery, he is promptly punished by the usual weapon of the tribal taboo—social ostracism. The college rebel is invariably the college pariah. Sincerely as his fellows may admire his moral courage in secret, they vastly prefer the social prestige of membership in coveted societies to the somewhat chilly solitude of his moral elevation. They tell themselves, just as worldly men do, that they will conform until they have won this election or that, after which they will cut loose and kick over the tripod. But once inside the shrine, they find it even harder to violate sanctities to which they are henceforth in some measure pledged. We resolve that to-morrow we will call our souls our own, but the only time we can call our souls our own is to-day. Conformity is a narcotic of the will.

Here is a monstrous husbandry. How institutions which permit the living twigs to be blighted off their branches by parasitic social timidities nourished on the parent stalk can hope to flourish is a question which I can leave you

to answer. If the college finds it awkward to encourage you to analysis of those institutions on which it depends for support, that need not prevent its teaching you to turn a critical eye on the social institutions of your own fashioning and management, leaving the inference to you to draw. In a period of mental plasticity in which young men should be schooled to challenge everything they can lay their minds to there is next to no encouragement to the challenge of social institutions. Later, with clienteles or customers to conciliate or jobs to keep, such challenge may be a luxury which comes at too high a figure for all but a very few. But if not in college when you are measurably unencumbered with the shackles of bread-winning, then where but from yourselves shall you learn this one vital lesson of all education,—how to know a revolution when you see one?

The fact is that except for the small groups of radicals which are now beginning to appear in certain colleges, the radical thinking, which is to say, the serious social functioning of the college man, does not begin until graduation has relieved him of the restraints of the

college environment and he has learned, in contact with the world, to discard not only much of his academic training but the whole view of life expressed in academic society. Thus, even granting that he starts to think at all (which is granting a great deal) the community loses from one to four of his most fertile years.

Hence it is that wasteful as this divorce of the colleges from radicalism is of the undergraduate years, it is after graduation that the waste begins in earnest. Mark, in the first place, how quickly the fiction of "leadership" evaporates in the glare of industrial competition.

You are graduated at a marriageable age, and it does not take you long to discover that if you expect to pay the bills for two persons, and possibly more, the less time you spend thinking about anything but your own affairs the sooner you will hear the Wedding March of one Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy played for you and your bride. Besides, the mere idea that you are qualified for leadership in a rough-and-tumble world by a four-year intellectual honeymoon is about the surest guar-

antee of your unfitness for such a post. To let you suppose you are fit to lead amounts to letting you suppose yourself a finished product—"arrived"—and the man with a sense of having arrived is a man who has slowed down.

The Dead-End

Dismally as the system breaks down on leadership, it breaks down on culture more dismally still. To suppose that alumni will continue to cultivate studies most of which they have discovered, in their first collision with reality, to be amiable but obsolete hobbies is to wait for the boat at the wrong landing. This at once reduces the subsequent intercourse between college and alumni to little more than a windy gabble about athletics or a manipulation of its social connections for business profit. A "college friend" comes to mean a man who will buy something of you. Class reunions get to be goal posts for measuring distances in the scratch and handicap of that form of failure which is known as success. Alumni associations are a land-office business run on the principle that the loyal son who shouts loudest for his Alma Mater shouts loudest for himself. In the sense of a self-renew-

ing reservoir of all that is new and best in human society, a perpetual receptacle to which graduates might contribute, a perpetual supply from which they might derive, for all except a few of the hobby-riders the college almost ceases after graduation to exist.

The appalling truth is that education which ought, at commencement, to have just begun, has, as a matter of fact in a huge proportion of cases and largely because of the colleges, just ended. The graduates have accepted all too literally that calamitous welcome into "the fellowship of educated men." In the sinister sense of that term as applied to "finishing schools," they, too, are finished. If they revisit these glimpses of the campus, it is to perpetuate petty social distinctions by rushing candidates into fraternities which, if they had read the primer page of human society, they would be urging those same bewildered lads far more earnestly to shun. From his behavior the day after a football victory, know the size of the graduate's hat-band. Is he shamed and revolted at this vulgar yawp of athletic glory; or does he, like the urchin who spies a camera, try to get into the photograph?

A fellowship of educated men you have—

their academic degrees are a rubber stamp to be honored on certain kinds of social and financial paper. They revolve in orbits which the years contract in a narrowing spiral. At thirty they will cheerfully give an evening to watching a college hockey game and begrudge fifteen minutes to the serious consideration of a social abuse which threatens to twinge the pocket nerve. At forty they resent the suggestion that all's not right with a world in which they expect their insurance policies to keep their families up to the proper social pitch if they should prematurely be gathered to their fathers. Or, if they are radical, they are radical only in the spot where they themselves have sat on a tack of economic pressure. Thus your college-bred professional who learns that the expense of a household smart enough to bring him a clientele of fashionables eats up the profits of the business thus obtained is hot for an inheritance tax which would compel his richer neighbors to start even. But that any rational being, let alone an educated one, should seriously advocate a socialization of industry he considers a licentious and shocking abuse of the privilege of free speech. Which, in truth, is about as far as the average

American middle-class would-be small capitalist has thought his way into this social labyrinth, be he college-educated or uncollege-educated.

So if you observe either now or later that radicals who, in spite of their inhibitory education, have somehow had the good luck to get converted, generally turn, and as their first act of faith, furiously assail the school in which they were supposed to have been taught, kindly forbear to interpret this as spiteful ingratitude and try to understand it as a horrified protest against an educational system which thrust them forth into the world condemned, in the hour of their greatest spiritual awakening, to appeal to a "fellowship of educated men," and be greeted with this ghastly chatter of class gossip and prospects of a winning team.

Hand-Stand or Camera Obscura

Somewhere in your elementary physiology you were told that the images painted on the nerve-canvas of your retina are painted upside down. It is only because you are so used to seeing them in that position that you think of them as right side up.

The radical is a person who has, in a year,

in a month, in a week, yes, sometimes almost in an hour, embraced a conception of life completely the reverse of that practised, even if not professed, by everybody around him. And since it is as certain death to hold this faith and not utter it as to be pregnant and not give birth, his utterance sounds like the maddest riot of paradoxes. For most of the things which the world esteems he has learned to abhor: and most of the things which the world holds true—again, in practice even if not in precept—he holds false; and, which is vastly more staggering, plainly shows by his conduct that he holds false. He refuses the most flattering commercial offers, which he would once have swallowed, hook, line and sinker, with the simple and sincere explanation that he cannot afford to accept them. The radical is a person who sees the facts of human society exactly as they are. This means that everything which other people are accustomed to see upside down he sees right side up. When he says so, people naturally suppose he is only fooling. But when his vision and speech are translated into his conduct, the thing gets serious, and they beg him to stop standing on his head before he injures him-

self permanently. To a normally minded—which is to say, commercially minded—person, not a word of this discourse, I dare say, but sounds utterly cracked. Such a view is entirely within the comprehension of a radical for the simple reason that he can remember all too well a time not so very long past when, thanks to his education, that view was his own.

When a college man is seized with a desire to turn honest, his natural instinct, next to the wish that his friends and relatives may turn honest, is the wish that his college may turn honest too. It is a flattery of affection as little relished by his Alma Mater as by his kin-folk, and perhaps by the fellowship of educated men it is relished least of all. Who is this that he should teach in the synagogue? Is not this the carpenter that was Joseph's son? And this his home town? Why, hang it! we knew him when he wore knickers.

Self-Damnation

The tragic spectacle in any age is not the persecution of its revolutionists, but their persecutors. Not to know the impetuous, on-rushing force of the river of life when it swirls beckoning past our own doors: not to have

known the strain and sweat of the burden: not to have suffered the birth-pangs of the unborn years—that is death and Gehenna. That is the wailing in outer darkness. A century of sectarianism has been telling you that the damned are the sinners. Had they listened to Christ more in the spirit and less in the letter the ecclesiastics might have learned that for sinners Christ had only tenderness and compassion since he saw all too well how sin carries its own penalty. The damned he held to be those who shirk their share of the world's burden-bearing and heart-ache. They have told you to save your own souls. Behold, I give you a new gospel: *He that saveth his soul shall lose it.*

Nothing could better reveal how little youth is an affair of the body, and how much it is an affair of the spirit than the late flowering of men who have turned radical in their middle years to find every root and twig of their lives pulsing with the sap of a new spring risen on mid-summer—every contact of their minds and hearts throbbing with an intense meaning which holds as much of pain as of joy and as much of joy as pain.

But the hour of rebirth is an evil hour for dead institutions.

Presumptuous as it may be—I do not say “should” be—to expect an institution to be a seat of radicalism, this is no excuse in the eyes of the newly-born radical. All he sees for the present, in the blinding Damascan ray, is the evidence of an overwhelming ignorance or an overwhelming perfidy: he does not know which, and, in his amazement and his wrath, he does not much care. Shuddering at the horror of the world he now sees; shuddering, too, at the greater horror of having almost missed seeing it, his first passionate and protesting question is: “If these were indeed Faculties of the Arts and Sciences, why did they tell me nothing of all this?—if they knew. If they did not, then what, in Heaven’s name, is a Faculty of the Arts and Sciences?” It has been revealed to him that the central purpose of instruction in any period is indeed to enable its disciple to know a revolution when he sees one. The rest is but a teaching of knack with tools. Any possible gratitude he may feel for the apparent success of the central purpose of instruction in his own case is well-nigh

smothered under the suspicion that if he did hear his Marseillaise when it struck up, it was more in spite of his education than because of it. And this suspicion is pretty well confirmed by one look at the orderly ranks—out of which he has just stepped—of that sleek, fellow-graduate brotherhood of Property, Celebrity and Expedience by every man of which he is now and henceforth regarded as something between a lunatic and a renegade.

Like poor Rip in the legend, your radical, once he has drained his flagon of red revolutionary liquor, wakes all alone on a mountain slope whence he beholds the enormous sweeps of blue ranges and empurpled horizons, then stalks down again among men to find himself an outlandish stranger bewitched into an alien age, mocked and hooted, a forerunner, a voice in the wilderness.

“Bright College Years”

To have waked out of a trance of pseudo-culture and class-content into the din and fury of a world-wide struggle for industrial democracy he finds a rude enough shock. But to have his ears boxed with the rah-rahings of the well-fed and ill-educated and with senti-

mentalizings over dear old times which are about as cheering to him as reminders of a mis-spent youth, is a still more severe trial of patience to one who is, to say the least, in no mood for trifling. . . . Here is an insurrection at his own doorstep which contains the whole meaning of life. How could this thing be and the college tell him nothing of it? It seems to him as if the college ought to have done better. Not to insist that it should have told him which side to choose, it might, at least, have told him in language too plain to be mistaken that sides were there to be chosen. After which, if he had been too stupid or too cowardly or too encumbered with great possessions to respond, it would have been his own funeral.

But nothing of the sort happened. And your radical must be pardoned if he thinks he can see a very good reason why it was bound not to happen—if he thinks he can see in conflict with the central purpose of education what he takes to be the central lie of education,—the dependence of the endowed college on usurious maintenance, and the subservience of the state-owned college to a capitalistically minded society. He is prompted to blurt out

that if education is intended to send the young out into the world not to be ministered unto but to minister, as Baccalaureates affirm, then President Garfield's formula of an education: Mark Hopkins on one end of a bench and a pupil on the other: is better than all the apparatus that scholarship can devise and the working class pay for.

To suppose a radical, at this posture of affairs, to be seeking the society of cultivated men is to suppose something as dolefully comic as a countenance with a black eye. Educated men, if they can muster the patience to understand him at all, admonish him, in the language of the full stomach and the empty head, that human misery has always existed, and always will exist, that he should thank his stars that he was born into their social set, and that his first duty is to seize all the plunder he legally can, on the principle that if everyone does the same these evils will right themselves—much as if we were assured that burglary would take care of itself if we all turned thieves, which, indeed, is pretty much what has happened. This brand of logic failing to satisfy the radical, his educated brethren conclude that he is cracked and do not hesitate to tell him

so with the utmost delicacy and tact. They can see that he has been over-working and needs a complete rest: they know of an excellent sanatorium down among the Cumberlands. Or, if a glimmer of his stern sanity is vouchsafed them, then with an obvious kindness of intention which is his despair, they hasten to caution him that if he must insist on indulging himself in the luxury of such compromising and quixotic views he should be at pains to conceal them like a guilty secret if he would expect clients or commissions. To make his yielding easier, they confess to having nursed, at one time, similar ideas which, with exemplary force of character, they expunged as soon as they discerned to what unthinkable conclusions and entangling consequences they led. In short, if they do not, by their every assumption, betray that they have not done one hour's serious social thinking since they were welcomed into the fellowship of educated men, they speak the tongue of the thoroughly callous or of the thoroughly cowed.

The Fellowship of Uneducated Men

This is Crossways, where the revolutionist parts company with the college. A bitter ache

is in that farewell. The road will be lonely enough at best. He would have desired companionship. The college has sentenced him to travel it alone. Now that he has mastered the realist's art of seeing things as they are, he beholds, first of all, in the quarter where he would have expected a host of friends, a host of neutrals, if not, indeed, of enemies. The unmistakability of their class conduct is the final or mace blow. There is nothing for it now but to repudiate the whole outfit, and de-class himself.

He does so. Renouncing his friends, he goes into a world of strangers. And then, once more, the wonderful thing happens: the world of strangers has all miraculously become a world of friends. He has gone out among the by-ways and hedges to get quit of educated men and there, digging ditches, driving drays, he has found innumerable men of education—men of strong souls, with the hearts of heroes and the tongues of sages—doing the rough work of the world and wresting from the rude reality of their tasks that rude philosophy of thought and conduct of life which is the only true culture of a people—the very life stuff itself. Infinitely precious: in-

finitely potent for the begetting of new ages.

What is more, even that sham culture which he was moved to discard as the contemptible pastime of a leisure class now first begins to stir and glow with the hues of life. It is now invested with a deeper significance of having been long ago derived from this same inexhaustible source—this pure, abounding spring of common life. Now it is intelligible: now it is even eloquent with a thousand tongues as of the same language which is spoken to-day behind the plough and beside the work bench. Again, the wonderful thing has happened. He that renounced his education has straightway received it all back again with its meaning multiplied an hundred fold. The world of strangers which became a world of friends is also thronged with educated men, and, which is divinely more, this time a fellowship of educated men, to which the only requirements of admission are a friendly spirit and a clean heart. Wondrous is that comradeship: radiant is the world under a sky of brilliant blue swept clean of the fogs of class pride and intellectual superiority. There is now no superior and no inferior: no greater, no less. There are only brothers. There is only the

sacred bond of a common task: to bear one another's burdens. That is your welcome into this fellowship of educated men.

In the Queen's Closet

Fellow students, you educated who are so ignorant, you ignorant who are so truly educated, I am well aware how much in this discourse places me in the unamiable light of an athletic youth belaboring a venerable, if muddled, old gentlewoman whose misfortune it is to be blocking the traffic. Am I disloyal?

Disloyal? What is loyalty? Loyalty to a fraternity pin; to a Phi Beta Kappa key; to the cheering section at the annual championship game; to the mint mark of a social coinage? Or loyalty to that self-same revolutionary principle from which the "dangerously radical" scheme of popular and higher education was born in trembling, in tears, yes, even in blood?

We are come to the Closet Scene, and the radical is Prince Hamlet. She is the mother that bare us out of an honorable union with that radicalism of the past which is our lawful siring. And now she must shame us by leaving that fair mountain to batten on this

moor of cut-purse capitalism; this king of shreds and patches: this murderer and villain. Nor shall she go till we have set her up a glass where she may see the inmost part of her. Let her leave wringing of her hands, for we shall wring her heart if it be made of penetrable stuff; if damned custom have not braz'd it so that it is proof and bulwark against sense.

For not a radical of the college lot but has bethought him of that soul-scalding dialogue between mother and son as the analogue of his revulsion toward his Alma Mater. He bends on her an eye of stern reproach as on a human mother who fed him with the bread of the body but not with the bread of the spirit. The time is out of joint, and she, in her base alliance with the property-tyrant who is author of the mischief, has shirked her duty of teaching him that he was born to set it right.

This is very far from exhorting the erring dame to assume a virtue if she have it not. That is what she has too long been doing. The suggestion is quite the reverse: that she resume a virtue which was formerly hers. Failing this, there remains the less courageous but quite practicable course of admitting: "We cannot take sides for reasons which will be

obvious. But, as institutions of learning, we are bound, at all events, to state the issues so as to leave no doubt in the mind of a single student concerning their urgency. Even our rich protectors must concede that this much is required of us by our functions of teaching." Such an attitude would speak for itself, and would at least place the colleges in the position of the unfortunate young woman in the play as saying: "We may not be straight, but we can be square."

If the college were frankly to acknowledge its middle-class status; its capitalist-class control; and its working-class maintenance, the figure it would cut might not be morally impressive, but there would be attached to it no stigma of sham. If the college elects to shun all participancy—to say nothing of championship—in a struggle for the liberation of industry, that is, of course, its privilege. What the college must not do, if it hopes to keep the respect of its sons, is go on playing the ancient and dishonorable game of both ends against the middle. That must stop, or else it must moderate the pitch of its preaching of a gospel of intellectual honesty which, if practised, preaches itself. All that radicals demand is

that the college take not the sacred name of democracy in vain.

Mother the Well-Beloved

Men and brethren: Believe that these words proceed not from an under-valuation of the Kind Mother of our youth, nor from any profanation of the solemn, stately sanctuaries where the holy flame is tended by reverent hands. They proceed, belike, out of an over-valuation. Believe, rather, that they are uttered if so may be that the flame may grow until it becomes a great light unto all the people, that they, and you, and all of us may walk without stumbling. You may judge for yourselves whether these pages could have been written by one who did not love his own college, and therefore all colleges, as one learns respect for women by loving his own mother. To utter these things is an ungracious task. One would much rather not. But let me be painfully frank with you. I see you in your lecture halls or crossing your campus, gay, generous, supple of body, nimble of mind, courageous of heart, ambitious of temper, and I am moved to a glow of pride and admiration—that you are my own kinsmen and clansmen:

but I see you also careless, ignorant, indifferent, and selfish, and I am filled with a tragic pity and horror. With pity and horror, because now I see what certain penalties you, like every mother's son of us, must pay for every grain of that poisonous stuff—carelessness, ignorance, indifference, and selfishness. . . . So much to do, and next to nothing being done. . . . And sorrier still, I see that the fault is yours only in part, and that the rest is the fault of that Great Mother who should but does not lead you in the ways of life. So my words are rude only that they may be the better heard. I stand in the market-place, a Nobody, nameless and alone, and cry aloud her faults that they may be seen of men and shame may bid her mend them. I say that the world has fallen on evil days, and with it our great Mother of Men. I say that she does not give you better ideals than those of the world you and she live in, and I say that if you and she would better those ideals, you must begin by bettering the world.

Is it cruel to tell you these things now, at a time when that which you already know of the years you are about to enter is none too reassuring? It is more cruel not to tell you.

Let me be explicit. If your education is to be more than a class-badge or a head-start, two things you have to do: earn a living, and lighten that burden for your fellow men. In a society so organized as to set earning bread-and-butter and combating the bread-and-butter despotism exactly at locked wheels, no one need tell you that the two are hard to reconcile.

What Is One to Do?

To come, then, to the practical questions:

I. How shall the college be brought back to its rightful task,—the teaching of revolutionism?

By the likes of you. Seek, and ye shall find. **K n o c k!** and it shall be opened unto you. Insist on revolutionism and it will, on one pretext or another, in one guise or another, be forthcoming. This, by the simple operation of that much-abused principle, the law of supply and demand. You are the customers. The college is the shop. If the salespeople are able to go to their owners and report, "The customers demand these revolutionary goods, and if we do not sell them they will trade at our rival's shop," you have given them a sound bread-and-butter justification for keeping goods on their

counters of which their owners might not, of themselves, appreciate the quality. Thus, we perceive, it is a poor competition which will not work both ways.

II. If these things are so, should I send my young brother to college? Should I send my son?

By all means. Even as it is, and in spite of all, education is an advantage. And in the struggle either for bread-and-butter or against the bread-and-butter despotism you, your brother, and your son, will need every ounce of advantage you can obtain. Education does not, to be sure, mean advantage in the kind and degree that you have been taught to suppose, as hereinbefore specified; but it does mean a whetting of tools and a learning of what has been thought and tried which can be immeasurably serviceable if put to the rightful and main business of revolution. Heated white in the forge of reality, an education, technical, professional, even classical, can be hammered into a formidable weapon against the existing order. He who knows all that the enemy know and who knows a great deal more besides, is a strategist to be respected. But when you are adjured to be on your guard against the sopor-

rics of this training, you are thereby adjured never to forget for an instant what it is and who is paying for it: that it is a ruling-class culture donated to you at the expense of the labor of a slave class. After that, if your honesty and your manhood do not force you to strain every sinew of your education for the freeing of that class to whose labor you owe it, then revolution has nothing more to say to you except in the language of strife.

III. Should I save money? If so, should I take interest for the money I save?

These are questions which every radical must settle for himself, and puzzling questions they are. As for saving money, my reply would be: "Do so, certainly, if you can." In a tussle with the sea anything which will keep a man afloat is a life-preserver. He may, of course, be tossed up on the same wave with someone who needs the life-preserver worse than he does.

As for taking interest, that is more dubious. But this much is certain: he who uses that interest on invested earnings, directly or indirectly, to enable him to fight with might and main against the system whereby he obtained it and against all the ills which that system be-

gets, is not one in whose teeth society can fling reproach. The posture may not be ideal. But it is a sound working arrangement. It places the test in the man's own sincerity. This practice of interest-taking in which the radical voluntarily labors to saw off the limb of capitalism on which he sits aims at a definite result with which even the extremists find it hard to quarrel: if such a spirit becomes general among interest-takers, a time may come when they can bring themselves, all together, to renounce the system by which interest is taken in order to save their faces, if not their souls. . . . That is, if their property has not already been expropriated by a working class tired of being despoiled.

IV. And sex?

Most of you hope to marry. This means that unless you are prepared, willingly or unwillingly, to de-class yourselves, you must be able to make a living for two, or more, and an increasingly good living at that. For most of us it is hardly possible to adopt this domestic program without a more or less serious compromise with the property-god of Things As They Are. Only on terms of exceptional courage or exceptional good fortune do revolution-

ism and domesticity keep house together. Thus marriage is likely to reduce your participation in the work of social revolution to a sympathetic neutrality. Having sensed the justice of the cause, you may be expected to have the idealism and the generosity not to oppose it when not opposing it may mean the serious jeopardy of your interests. You will at least have the good grace not to block the track.

So here we are, back at the Compromise; but not, as before, barking our shins on it with eyes shut, but, if possible, climbing over it with eyes wide open. For all but the sturdiest of you, that Compromise must continue, in some measure, to exist. But knowing what it is and whence it is, your study will constantly be to reduce it as much as you can—which means as far as your courage and your generosity impel you to accept the prompt and severe penalties of social dissent. In this, what you do and how you do it your brains and consciences must decide.

Gentlemen of the Graduating Class: Let there be blessing of banners. Let tapers burn low and hearts burn high. Let there be cross-

ing of the bleak heaths of life, there to behold the Burning Bush.

"Who am I," saith the prophet, "that I should set my people free?"

"Go thou and do it," saith the Voice from the Burning Bush, "and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

Compassion for all that suffer and are oppressed, that shall be your pillar of fire by night; the eternal struggle for human liberty, that shall be your pillar of cloud by day. And know that the will which finds a path through the wilderness is not the single greatness of the leader, but the multitudinous greatness of the led. What keeps the world going is the faithful, unnoted performance of obscure tasks by obscure men and women who seek no praise, no, nor desire it; but who do their unseen heroisms kindled thereto by sparks which are caught up from the Bush which burns yet is not consumed, and are whirled away to burn in every human breast, now high, now low. They are pilgrims, tramping a perpetual journey. They go! they go! They know not where they go, but they know that they go toward something great.

Let medallions be set up in the pillared por-

tico; let marble effigies be unveiled to blare of brass; let stained-glass and *aes triplex* strive to immortalize the fame that is perishable. Heed not you.

Have you a thing to do? Has a force greater than yourself seized your life and bent it to mighty ends? Then the immortals have smiled on your birth. Has a wind off the snowy peaks of the ages swept clean your heart of the poisonous mists of egoism: has it cooled forever the fevers of that whining atom which would not be comforted because the world was not created to gratify its appetites? Have you lost yourself to find yourself? Have you ceased fruitlessly pulling your skiff of self against the current, and leapt overboard to be swept along on the stream of your age—the age that shall liberate the worker—in company with the other strong swimmers, to shout gaily back to all the valiant outlaws of the past, and gaily forward to all the eagle-breed of the future? Do you see the banks rush past in a divine impetuosity of the years (and on them the placid, stagnant family picnics of respectability)? Do you fight for life in the boil and bellow of the rapids? Do you emerge to float for a brief and sunny season in a quiet pool

embowered of greenery, thence to be snatched again into the current and plunged over the cataracts of revolution into the abyss of eternity to go under at the last, still struggling?

In that storm-swept drama of the chained Titan on the lonely crag of the Caucasus, in which Æschylus has graven, as on the walls of the ages, the pains and splendors of moral revolt, it befalls that Okeanos, one of the conforming gods, has counselled Prometheus to submit and end his torment. Then proudly steadfast replies the fire-bringer:

And if I suffer! Not to bear this ill
Were ill more grievous than the ill I bear.
For there adown the west in lands far off
My brother Atlas holds the pillars twain
Of earth and heaven on aching shoulder borne.
Seek mine own ease whilst he in pain endures
That toil of sinew stretched and strained? Not I!

Out of the brooding murk of world-dawn, in that cry wrung from the tortured demigod, peals this eternal challenge. Not to suffer; that were the grievous thing so long as our brothers stand groaning beneath the weight of these unjust systems which keep heaven and earth apart. Æschylus traced that legend in

letters of fire against rolling clouds of ancient night: it was written again in the shape of a Cross on a scowling hill amid darkness and earthquake: the world has written and shall write nothing else.

So you are called to a battle front not of sordid national squabbles, but of the eternal revolution which knows nor land nor race. Where injustice is, there is your country. You are called to a battle front 5000 years long,—and how much longer no man knows,—where every fighter is a rebel, a pioneer, and an outlaw. You are called to fight not in the orderly, disciplined ranks of nationalism, but in the disordered, self-disciplined ranks of internationalism. Your victory is not to-morrow, nor in many morrows. For you there is no victory; or, if victory there is, it must be but the start of a fresh campaign. Among you are no grades, no degrees. Educated or illiterate, it is all one. He is highest among you who serves best, and to serve best he must esteem himself less than the least.

From Prometheus chained to a crag in the Caucasus for his too-great love of mankind to the ragged apostle of working-class revolt

flung bruised and bleeding into a county jail,—demigod, prophet, saint, sage, liberator, martyr,—the glorious company plods on through shame and spitting; through alleluias changing to curses; through curses changing to alleluias, stoic and steadfast. Mark well that band. Look on them long and earnestly. Always they beckon. Whether you are of them matters little to their cause—that will triumph without you: but whether you are of them matters much to you. . . . Are you for joining? Then know that singly you are become as nothing, but that together you are all that is. Unknown here; forgotten hereafter; yours, none the less, are all the years that are yet to be. . . . The road leads upward, through thickets, past frightful chasms, in murky gloom at first, through dangers ever. There is black night of storms, with lightnings that rive the oak; but when the storm has passed, while it is yet dark, comes a delicate fragrance exhaled from drenched turf, and comes a sleepy twitter of waking birds. The air quivers with a stir of life. Morning waits.

Morning waits, there at the summit of that mountain path. Here begins the trail. It is

difficult and steep. Beset with perils. It leads no man knows whither save that it leads toward something great. But you may tread it joyfully,—hearts aflame; heads sober; hands in the present; eyes to the future; and your foreheads touched with dawn.

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